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NO END*



*By the Author of
"The End of the World"*

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There Is
No End

R. DEAN GOODWIN

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DEDICATION

*To my wife
whose love and understanding
encouraged her husband
as he traveled
to gather materials for this book
and as he wrote it.*

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FOREWORD

“Get us a reporter’s view of Mission Field—U.S.A.”

That was my assignment, and so I set forth in my little red Rambler station wagon. The miles added up to the thousands, exceeding the ten-thousand-mile mark. There were train and plane trips, too. Beaufort, Black Hills, and Bay region around San Francisco were all visited. Everywhere I became acquainted with people. Everywhere I talked with missionaries.

Another reporter of the American scene has said, “America is changing faster than Americans suspect.” I came back believing that to be true. But one group of Americans already know well how fast things are changing. They are our home missionaries, who are at work at many points of change, trying to make daily life conform to Christ’s teachings.

It is their story that I have written in the pages that follow. Even more it is a story that many of the people who work with them day by day told me. And it is our story, too, yours and mine, for as Christians we have a stake and a responsibility in Mission Field: U.S.A.

I owe much to missionaries whose names are mentioned in the pages that follow, and to many others unnamed, who gave their time freely to help me get this story. I also owe much to mission board leaders of many denominations who have helped me to understand and interpret what I saw. To them all, a hearty “Thank you.”

R. DEAN GOODWIN

FROM A TRAIN WINDOW

A turban on his head and a long white coat buttoned up to his collar would have told me at once that he came from India. But there he sat in a blue suit with a white shirt and blue tie. The features of his face suggested a traveler who had come from the British Isles.

There was a faint smile on his thin lips and a friendly sparkle in his dark eyes. Two Americans sat across the dining car table, each sipping coffee with his head hidden behind the morning newspaper. But not the man from India. He was seeing everything—the white steward, the Negro waiters, the American breakfast cereals on the tables, and the travelers coming and going. He watched as the steward ushered me to the vacant seat by his side.

I welcomed that seat because I have one rule that I have kept faithfully during seven years of travel across the United States and overseas: Accept every opportunity for a new adventure. This day was only at the breakfast hour, and the steward, even without a tip, had given me an opportunity to follow my rule.

“This train must be two hours late,” I ventured as I pondered whether it would be ham and eggs or just some scrambled eggs.

The man by my side agreed, in perfect English, that the train was late.

“We should be one hundred miles west of here by now,” I added, pursuing the conversation.

He had completed his choices from the menu and so appeared to be ready to talk.

"Are you with the others who have been passing through the train?" I asked. Before going to the dining car, I had seen several Asians go through my car.

"Yes, we are traveling together," he replied. His accent was more like one that would be heard in Eton or Oxford than in Chicago or New York.

"Are you from India?" It seemed to be a safe question with an obvious answer, but there was no harm in asking.

"Yes, from New Delhi."

"And the others?"

"They are from Burma, Thailand, Japan, and the Philippines," he said.

"How long have you been in our country?" I asked.

"We just arrived this week. The United Nations brought us here to study transportation," he said.

This visitor to our country was learning about transportation on a train that was now two hours behind schedule! When conversation lagged, my companion turned his face toward the window to watch the passing scene.

I began to wish that the train were on schedule. It did not really matter, however, if he discovered that trains in the United States are sometimes late. What mattered at the moment was that he was seeing outside the train window a part of the U.S.A. that I did not want him to see. If only we had passed here two hours earlier! He would have been asleep in his berth, and it would have been too dark to see anything. Now he was seeing it all.

Suddenly I saw everything, too! Unpainted houses stood in bare yards, bare, that is, except for rubbish piled in fence corners. Immodestly, nineteenth century sanitation, or lack of it, was exposed. Here front steps were broken. There porch roofs sagged. Soot from coal burning locomotives blackened the drab scene.

If only we were one hundred miles west of here! There we would

be seeing white farm houses standing by the side of big red barns. There fertile fields and herds of black and white cows in pastures would show the America that is pictured in magazines and books. There this man from India would be seeing villages where church spires keep watch above straight rows of trees that spread their branches over avenues of white houses and water towers pointing gracefully toward the sky, poised like rocket ships ready to blast off into space.

But we were not in star-spangled space. We were surrounded by the black grime of one of America's large cities. Newspaper headlines in that city on the previous Monday had declared that it had more substandard housing than any other city of its size in the United States. I had read that article reporting a survey that had just been completed. Our guest from India was seeing for himself. What could I say?

I decided to identify myself. "I am a minister," I said. I told of the denomination I serve.

"I know of your people. I have met some of your missionaries in India," he said.

Had he ever heard a missionary make the kind of speech that I had heard many times? It is that speech about how Christian missionaries, both Indian and Western, go to a village to bring the gospel, how the people are changed, and how all of the life in the village is improved. Dirt is swept out of houses, and rubbish is carried away from the streets. Flies are killed, diseases are conquered, and sweet smiles come to the faces of the children.

The story of the missionary was true in a sense. But I knew it was only part of the truth when it included no mention of the Indian Government's concern for village life and the rural projects it is sponsoring and nothing about non-Christian homes and schools of the type that produced men like the one who sat by my side. With a guilt-feeling about the soot-laden slums in the United

States that needed improvement, I found myself wanting to ask my new acquaintance some questions about our missionary work in India, but I did not know how to begin.

The train rounded a curve. A mass of tenements snuggled close together on a hillside. Black cinders darkened the streets and even the trees—where there were trees.

“See that hill over there?” I asked.

Yes, he saw it, he said.

“We have a mission there. We have missions in America just as we do in India.” I told about a Christian center that provides the only English-speaking Protestant church work in a large community of steel mill workers. If he was impressed by this, he did not say so. Our table talk was concluded when the last piece of toast had been eaten. He returned to his car at the end of the train to join his friends.

Had the others seen the squalor that he had seen? Would they spend the morning discussing train schedules, grade crossings, and the power of locomotives? Or would they talk about America as they were seeing it?

Ohio villages passed the train window for a few hours. Then it was time for lunch. Already the men from Asia were making their way to the dining car. When I got there, my friend of the breakfast hour was again seated alone. I asked if I might sit with him.

“Yes, please do,” he replied.

Two others joined us shortly. Each one moved with the businesslike precision of an executive. They were introduced to me as leaders in the transportation industry in their countries. Perhaps it was the giant size of one man that made him appear even more important than the others.

“Is this the man you were speaking about?” one of the newcomers asked. I heard the question even though it was not intended for my ears. What had they said about me and my country, I wondered.

The steward placed menus before us. There was the usual speculation about what would be good to eat. These men from Asia may not be familiar with some items on the menu, I thought, and so I offered to help them make their selections.

The usual awkward pause followed the writing of orders for food. Who would cast into the quiet pool of reflective thought the first word that would send out ripples of conversation? While each of us held back the word that he might like to say, apparently questioning whether it would be the right word, we did what everyone does while riding a train—we looked out the window. With a “whoosh” a little village passed the window. It was a blur composed of church steeples, water tower, main street, white frame houses, elm and maple trees. The big man now spoke, and there was no blur in the thought behind his words.

“These villages that we are passing through, are they sanitary?” he asked.

Was this the question of an engineer who wanted to know about the water supply, the arrangements for plumbing, and the control of insects? Or was it a question addressed to a Christian American whose missionaries to India report that Christian villages in India are sanitary? Would this Indian assume that an unsanitary American village was not a Christian one? I did not know what he meant, but my conscience was troubled.

Giving Ohio villages and their cleanliness the benefit of any doubt, I replied, “I think most of them are sanitary.”

Next we talked of missions in India and missions in the United States. They approved Christian hospitals and schools. We talked of missionaries in congested American cities and in remote rural areas. It was impossible even to pretend that my country was not also a mission field. In one morning, riding a train through Pennsylvania and Ohio, these Asians had seen enough from a train window to make them ask questions.

Even when talk turned to transportation, their comments showed that they were not thinking simply of diesel engines and stainless steel streamliners. "Many of your wealthy Americans have special railroad cars to use when they travel, do they not?" The questioner again was the large man. Was he thinking about more than modes of travel, about the relationship between the wealthy and the poor? Was he keeping in mind the boast of the missionary that caste lines cease to exist in India when people follow Jesus Christ? Did this high caste man from India want me to tell him whether we have men of high caste in America, riding in private railroad cars as one sign of their privileged status?

"Not many men in America own private railroad cars," I replied. "I saw one last week. It belonged to the head of a steel mill."

The subject was dropped. These men were too polite to embarrass me with questions about the contrast between people who live in slums and men who ride in private cars.

"Where will you be tomorrow?" I asked. The next day would be Sunday.

"We shall be in Chicago," they said. They would be on their own in that city. Their leader from the United Nations would join them again on Monday.

I knew that Chicago was neither worse nor better than many other American cities. But the fact that men from Asia with dark skin would be spending their first day in an American city without an American host troubled me. Without guidance they might meet people like the stranger who sat opposite me in a Chicago cafeteria one day. He had pointed to a Negro in the same dining room and announced that he was going to get into the next race riot and kill some Negroes! Little wonder that a journalist had recently written that the threat of a race riot faced that city at almost any time!

Because of their color, the Asian guests of the United Nations might be turned away from a restaurant or from a hotel. Even in

some Christian churches, I knew, they might be ignored or even rebuffed if curiosity should direct them to attend church. I knew a missionary in Chicago who specialized in helping people like these to meet Christian friends, but it was now too late to get in touch with him. Before we reached the city, I had to leave the train for a Sunday engagement.

The transportation executives from Asia would remain in the United States only a few days, and then they would return to their home countries, each one a mission field from my point of view. In the few hours that we had been together, they had given me glimpses of how the United States could impress people of other countries and non-Christian religious backgrounds. These men had observed carefully, and they had seen substandard housing, crowded industrial communities, rural villages that needed better sanitation, and inequalities of opportunity between the rich and the poor. The adventure before them in Chicago might contribute to world understanding or might cause more of the world-wide damage that has resulted when white people in America have treated members of the colored races as inferiors.

The thoughts of that day still stay with me. They have led me again and again to ponder on the meaning of our glib references to "Christian America" and to our often surface interest in what our churches call "home missions."

One thing I decided to do was to ask some Christian young people what kind of a country they wanted.

"I want a free America and a responsible society. By *free* I mean that dissenting minorities are protected, innocence is assumed unless otherwise proved, each person is given the same rights, and we are governed by laws and not by men. By *responsible* I mean that every citizen must be concerned with the rights and the advancement of every other citizen." Robert W. Rasche of Beverly, Massachusetts, told me that is the kind of America he wants.

The freedom ideal was also stated by Mary Louise Van Brookhoven of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. She said, "An ideal America is a free America, not just free in the political sense, but free from prejudices and social bigotry; an America where men live and work together as equals. I feel that in order to be free, America must be Christian because Christianity is the essence of freedom. The church must first of all practice what it preaches. It is shocking to hear so-called Christians stand up firmly for segregation and then boldly sing 'In Christ There Is No East or West.' I think that the churches should put a more concentrated effort on missions. That is important because Jesus commanded his followers "Go ye into all the world . . ."

To get the kind of nation we want, Marion Pember of Ottawa, Kansas, told me that she thought that people "who claim to be churchgoers and Christians must live the Christian principles set forth in the Bible every day of the week instead of on Sunday only." She said that, for her, the parable of the good Samaritan and the thirteenth chapter of *First Corinthians* are examples of Bible teachings that should be lived every day.

Can we question the patriotism of young people who say that America is not ideal in every respect? Do we have all the freedom that we want and as many responsible citizens as we need? Is it true that some who think of themselves as Christians fail to live by Christian teachings?

I know that more than half of the people in the United States belong to a church or synagogue and that that record has never been equaled by churches in any other country where there is no state church. But are Americans being church members without being Christians? And how concerned are the church members about the sixty-seven million Americans who are not members of any church and the millions of others who take no active part in the work of the church to which they belong?

We have dreamed in America. They are good dreams, too! We have idealized America. Our dreams have been put into verse:

What is America? What is the U. S. A.?

Well, it is purple mountains and fruited plains—

But it's smoke stacks and railroad ties, too.

It's air coaches and ice-cream sodas,

Bebop and symphonies.

It's Christmas stockings and plush hotels,

Production lines and skyrocket.

It's TV sets and antique shops,

Advertising signs and factory whistles.

You can put all that together—

And add a million bags of fertilizer—

A thousand juke boxes

A hundred diesel locomotives—

But the inventory isn't even started.

For America's also the country preacher's warm handclasp,

The quick comeback of the smart-looking stenographer.

It's the set jaw of the high school halfback,

The sharp eyes of the farmer.

It's the soft quiet talk of a mother to her baby,

The big laugh at the bowling alley,

The close harmony at a wiener roast.

It's the crackle of ham and eggs frying,

The smell of gasoline exhausts and popcorn—

But America isn't just the sum and substance

of all these things

you see and hear and touch.

America is ideals—beliefs—feelings—

The opportunity to work your way through college

selling magazines,

To invent and sell a million can openers,
 To get a job or quit one,
 To open a hot dog stand or farm your land.

It's the freedom to talk back to a cop or boo a politician,
 To invest your money or hide it under the mattress,
 To worship God in your own way,
 To run your own life.

But, you have to look ahead to see America,
 For, most of all, America is a state of mind

—a point of view—
 A love of moving on—
 Beyond the next hill—
 The next filling station—
 The next frontier—

Expanding—growing—living
 —Beyond the horizon.

That's America! That's the U. S. A.¹

Every line is true! But another version would be just as true:

What is America? What is the U. S. A.?

Well, it is littered streets and narrow alleys.

It is dimly lighted hallways and rat-infested tenements.

It is dope pushers and gangs with switch knives,

Fighting each other to capture a street corner.

It is aimless youths in the Main Street café,
 sipping sodas on Sunday nights.

It is hot rods riding death on the pavement.

It is young men postponing dreams to learn how to trigger the H-bomb,
 And young women wondering why the dream house must wait.

It is babies born unwanted, parents unwed,
 But not unwept.

¹ Used by permission of the National Association of Manufacturers.

It is youths who, lost in the fierce competition for the summit,
Float to skid row on a sea of alcohol.

It is homes stuffed with the secular,
Split by quarrels,
Divided by the courts.

This, too, is America!
It is the burden of every Christian.

Across America I found people whose chosen assignment is to dream a dream that is peculiarly Christian and then to work where they are needed to make that dream come true. It was my pleasant opportunity to visit many of them. The pages that follow report what I learned. This is my reporter's view of Mission Field: U.S.A.

STRANGERS BY THE MILLIONS

Five words in the front page story explained all that happened. It was Monday morning, and I had found refuge from the pushing crowd in the subway by hiding my face behind the metropolitan daily paper. I was struck by the ending of one news story: "No known friends or relatives."

A notorious gunman had been discovered on Sunday afternoon, hiding in a New York East Side tenement. Screaming sirens cleared the streets for hundreds of policemen to race to the tenement and encircle it. With tear gas and guns, they fought the lone man and his three guns.

Ten thousand spectators, weary of television plays, tumbled down tenement stairways to the streets to watch real life drama. From block to block they moved as shots came first from one window and then another. Gunshots broke the Sunday quiet for two hours, and then it was over. Ten thousand spectators climbed the stairs to their tenements and dialed for another show. Policemen returned to headquarters to write the epitaph of a forty-four-year-old man who died without anyone to care. "No known friends or relatives!"

That is one view of the city. A man without relatives or friends. Death in a tenement bedroom. Spectators looking for a new thrill. Policemen making one more entry in the records.

I turned the pages to read another story. It happened in the same city, on the same Sunday. Thousands of worshipers left several churches quietly just at the noon hour. The minister who shook

their hands at each church door was a Negro; so were the worshippers. Near the minister stood another man passing out leaflets. The leaflets asked the readers to turn off their radio and television sets for two hours on the following Saturday. This act, the leaflet said, would show broadcasters that Negroes are determined to be employed on an equal basis with white people in the radio and television industry.

This is the city alerted to injustice. Every city is faith and action as well as crime and punishment.

All kinds of people live in every city large or small. Some find quietness and contentment. They enjoy family life. They make friends. They expand life as they read, study, listen to symphonies, visit art galleries, enjoy the opera and drama, write poetry, paint pictures, or compose music. They worship God in churches and synagogues. They make decisions and lead movements to build Christian homes and wholesome community life.

Others hurry through the city streets, pushing people aside so they can get ahead. They may be church members; they may not be. They think the steep ascent they climb to success in their jobs is also the "steep ascent to heaven." Virginia Brassier described them in these lines:

This is the age
Of the half-read page,
And the quick hash
And the mad dash,
The bright night
With the nerves tight,
The plane hop
And the brief stop,
The lamp tan
In a short span,
The big shot

In a good spot,
And the brain strain
And the heart pain,
And the cat naps
Till the spring snaps—
And the fun's done.¹

Some lose the race for success and drift to skid row on the Bowery, West Madison, South Main, or in the North End. Some are forced into cheap tenements. Others are walled in by "ghettoes" with names like Chinatown and Harlem. Dope pushers grow fat on the leanness of these people.

City churches preach the gospel to those who will come to hear. Many will not come. Among these are both the poor and the elite; the delinquents and the sophisticates; the "ghetto" dwellers and those who live in mansions; those who speak strange languages and those who speak cultured English; people with postgraduate degrees and people with no degrees at all. All these need the good news of Jesus Christ as much as anyone else. But who is going where they are? Who knows how to win their confidence, how to speak to them in language they will understand?

LOWER EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK

To learn more about the city, I went first to the lower East Side of New York City. There just off Third Avenue I met the Reverend Joseph B. Palmer. He introduced me to this area by telling a story.

A pretty girl, dressed as if she expected to see her boy friend, made a request that seemed to have nothing to do with her apparent plans for the evening.

"Mr. Palmer, do you have a piece of cardboard, about so big?" she asked, holding her hands about fifteen inches apart.

¹ *Church Management*, May, 1954. Used by permission.

"Yes, I think I can find some cardboard for you," Mr. Palmer said. He looked around the rooms of the church until he found what the girl wanted. When he gave it to her, she thanked him and then went away. Mr. Palmer went back to the room where boys from Chinatown were playing ping-pong and thought no more about the strange request.

A few nights later two girls in new dresses came to him to ask for pieces of cardboard. Mr. Palmer was pleased that they would come to him even with so simple a request. He was a fatherly man, and his twinkling eyes were always a little brighter when he was with the young people. He found the two pieces of cardboard by tearing apart an old box, and again the girls thanked him and went their way.

When girls in party dresses came a third time to ask for cardboard, it was provided, but by this time Mr. Palmer was determined to learn how it was being used. He decided to turn detective. His seventieth birthday had been forgotten because several more birthdays had been celebrated since then, but he was young enough to enjoy the prospect of solving a mystery.

Detective business includes footwork, and Mr. Palmer began his footwork with an evening stroll from Mariners' Temple, his home base, through his parish, an area that includes Chinatown, The Bowery and the lower East Side. He looked at the red brick tenements as he passed. On the steps of one sat a girl who had come to him for cardboard. How did she keep her dress clean as she sat on the soot-blackened steps? By sitting on a piece of cardboard! She was not alone either that evening in the springtime. By her side was a self-conscious boy friend. The mystery was solved as easily as that.

The solution of the mystery presented another problem. Mr. Palmer pondered what he had seen as he continued his walk. Girls want to see their boy friends. That is natural. The boys could not go to the little tenement rooms to see the girls because too many

people live in those rooms. They could not go to the movies either because they did not have enough money. Maybe they did not want to go to the movies anyway. Mr. Palmer knew the lower East Side well, for he had been fifteen years on The Bowery as a Y. M. C. A. worker, and after that he had served Mariners' Temple for most of a decade. He was familiar with many old-world customs that are still practiced in homes on the lower East Side. One of these is to regard it as a sign that a boy is engaged to marry a girl if he calls at her home and visits with her there.

The plot of the drama was plain! Boy meets girl on street, girl brings piece of cardboard to keep her dress clean, they sit on steps. The moon comes up over Brooklyn Bridge. He talks. She talks. They look at each other. No money is spent, but the evening is spent. Then they go home.

There must be a better way, thought Mr. Palmer. The old church building had many rooms in it. Some of them were used every evening for sewing classes or leathercrafts, ping-pong, dominoes, or other games. Hundreds of boys and girls came there. The gym was in use all the time with Chinese or Puerto Rican boys or a mixture of many nationalities, playing basketball or volley ball. But on the second floor were rooms that could be made into parlors. Before he used up all his cardboard, Mr. Palmer determined to have these rooms arranged as a place where boys could meet girls in the church.

Hardly had the rooms been completed when he discovered some special needs the girls in Chinatown had. They lived in small apartments where older girls often slept on the floor because the little ones had to have the beds. These girls were educated, and they had jobs that brought them a small income. Sometimes they wanted to give a party for their girl friends, but there was no place for such a party—no place, that is, that they could afford. More rooms were fixed up for them at the church. Now they have two or three parties each week at the church.

"You have to put glamour into religion," Mr. Palmer said as he showed me several attractive parlors in the church building.

Younger boys and girls also had a chance to tell Mr. Palmer what they would like to do at Mariners' Temple. They had their chance when policemen were about to give up in this precinct because here the worst juvenile delinquency in New York was found. Even the copper letters had been chiseled out of the statue honoring Governor Alfred E. Smith, the man who had done more for the lower East Side than any other man who had been born there. Vandals had things their way in this neighborhood, and the policeman's club did not stop them. An athletic program by the Police Athletic League had not gone over. The policemen were convinced that the boys and girls did not want craft and club activities. At this point they asked the churches to help. Mariners' Temple was one of the first to respond.

A little homely idea was in Mr. Palmer's mind as he began to work with the boys: "When God made man, he made him out of dust, and when he made a boy, he made him out of electricity. Electricity must have an outlet." Mariners' Temple would provide an outlet.

Mr. Palmer enlisted college students to talk with the boys and girls and find out what interested them. When the students brought back their reports, they had a list of forty-one different things that the boys and girls said they wanted to do. Crafts and athletics were both included.

The church announced to the community that it was ready to help the boys and girls do what they wanted to do. About two hundred and fifty signed up at once. Many more have come since then. Now each day more than two hundred come to the Temple.

Soon the community saw a difference. The police department reported that this precinct now had the lowest juvenile delinquency in New York. They were the first to say that the work of the

churches had helped to make the change. They were ready to leave the job in the hands of churches that were doing the kind of work that Mariners' Temple was doing. They disbanded the Police Athletic League because it was not needed on the lower East Side.

Today as soon as school is out in the afternoon, the big doors are opened at Mariners' Temple and the boys and girls come. First the smaller children gather. Men's shirts with frayed collars are put on them backward to make smocks, for they are going to get their hands covered with paint and paste. Some of the boys make little beds out of cigar boxes, using spools for legs and clothespins at the corners for four-posters. Then they paint the beds. When the paint is dry, the girls take over to sew mattresses and make canopies for the four-posters.

Other children have strips of newspapers that they dip into paste to make round-shaped objects that finally turn out to be heads of puppets. These will be the actors in a puppet show that they have each year. The tiniest children color with crayons. Three women watch over and help them.

A picture of the boy Jesus hangs on the wall. The picture is a part of the "seed planting" at the Temple.

Chinese boys play basketball in the gymnasium. The other game rooms are quiet until after the dinner hour.

Cub Scouts take over the gymnasium for the first part of the evening. The den mother is Italian, the leader is a Negro, and the boys are of many nationalities. The incident of background seems to make no difference to anyone.

Upon the day of my visit, in a corner of the big room where ping-pong contests are held, four boys were sitting around a table playing dominoes. One of the boys had a scar on his face. He called the dominoes "chips." "*Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco,*" counted one of the boys, pointing to the dots on a "chip." He was using the language that his Puerto Rican parents speak.

"Those are 'tough boys,'" Mr. Palmer said as he nodded in the direction of some players. At Mariners' Temple that day they were playing the game by rules. They were not "tough" here. The community could rest easily, for they are not on the streets planning vandalism. They were doing something that they liked to do because they have a place to do it!

Older girls gather in the sewing room. They design dresses, cutting out their own patterns. Portable sewing machines hum. In a few weeks the girls will have new dresses that they have made for themselves. In an upstairs room a volunteer worker teaches some boys and girls how to make pins out of shells. They will give these pins to their mothers.

Later in the evening some of the young people go home, but others come to take their places. The late-comers have completed their school homework, and they have come here to escape for two hours from the stifling air of their tiny crowded tenement rooms. They will be found at the ping-pong tables, in the gymnasium, or in craft groups until closing time at ten o'clock.

One day Mr. Palmer walked down a street near his church and saw in the window of a saloon a sign advertising a show for children in the afternoon after school. He knew at once that this was an effort by the liquor seller to attract the boys and girls away from the church and make them friendly to his business. The show did not go on.

"I put a stop to it," Mr. Palmer told me. The policeman, the welfare agencies, and the city officials know Mr. Palmer. He cooperates with them, and they work with him to improve the community.

"We've had scraps, but it's fun scrapping for the right thing," Mr. Palmer said. One scrap was with the older Italian residents, who did not like the Negroes and Puerto Ricans who were moving in.

The Negroes represented a Protestant invasion into a Roman Catholic community. Racial prejudice and national antagonisms flared into the open in a community meeting. Angry words flew as the older residents called the new people ugly names. Mr. Palmer arose at this point to bring them to their senses. "I can remember when your ancestors moved into this community. The people who lived here then did not like them either," he said. "They called your fathers and mothers 'Dagos' and 'Wops.'" Then he showed them how they were doing to others what their parents and grandparents resented when it had been done to them!

The church decided to set a new pace in race relations. Volunteer visitors went from tenement to tenement, writing down the names of new people who had moved in. Using the addresses that they secured in this way, they sent letters to the Negro and Puerto Rican families, welcoming them to the lower East Side. They offered to help them find the church of their choice and invited them to Mariners' Temple. A card was enclosed. They were invited to return the card if they wanted a visitor from the church to call.

Hundreds of cards were returned, and the visitors went to call. When they invited the Negro families to the church, these newcomers from the South would say, "Do you mean to tell me that I am invited to a white church?" That was exactly what the visitor meant to tell them. To some it was unbelievable.

MARINERS' TEMPLE ON SUNDAY

Many churches that are busy on Sunday are closed through the week. Mariners' Temple is busy through the week, but I decided I must go there to see how it is on Sunday. When Sunday came, light rain was falling silently. As I came up out of the subway and started walking on The Bowery toward the church, the rain drove some of the men from the street curb into doorways. Some of them

just stood there; some of them stood and talked. Southern, Western, Northern, and Spanish accents were in their speech.

Chinatown soon appeared on my right, and a block to the left was the Alfred E. Smith Houses, a low-rent housing development. Then at the corner of Henry and Oliver Streets I saw the long cement steps of Mariners' Temple. Two girls each about six years old, dressed in their Sunday best, were pulling a little crippled boy with short legs up the big steps to the church. All three were Negro. Two Negro ushers opened the door to admit the children and me. One of them gave me a folder with the order of worship neatly mimeographed.

Straight rows of pews extended to the raised pulpit at the center. From a pew nearer the back of the room, I surveyed the house of worship. It was like many meeting houses that face New England village greens, except that new linoleum tile blocks had replaced the old green runners usually seen down the aisles.

In the pews I found about one hundred worshipers, at least half of whom were children. They included Negroes, Japanese, Chinese, Puerto Ricans, and descendants of white Americans who had settled in New York a generation or more ago.

The pastor, the Reverend Joseph B. Palmer, stood at the pulpit. His preaching was up to date. It came as close to home as the city corner where Mariners' Temple stands. He called for volunteer workers to join with the church staff in the many activities of the church. He referred to his fifteen years of Y.M.C.A. work on The Bowery "with young men who had made a mess of life," just as the prodigal son did. "You can go to hell in a Rolls Royce, but you don't ride back even in a wheelbarrow. You have to walk all the way back, just as the prodigal son did," he said.

After the benediction the worshipers returned to their tenement apartments. Mr. Palmer invited me to Chinatown for a Sunday dinner. Over a table loaded with real Chinese food, Mr. Palmer

told how his church had changed its ways of working to adjust to the people of the community.

Mariners' Temple was once a church for "respectable" people. Gentlemen wearing top hats came to church every Sunday in horse-drawn carriages. Many of them were men in the shipping business, and so their church became known as Mariners' Temple. Other members came from The Bowery, named for one of the rich farms that bordered the road at that time. Prominent deacons gave their names to local streets, like Henry and Oliver.

When people of this kind of respectability moved farther away from the Manhattan end of Brooklyn Bridge, others came to take their places. First came the Irish, and then the Chinese to Chinatown, Italian Roman Catholics toward the East River, and down-and-out people who found cheap lodgings on The Bowery, no longer a prosperous farming area.

When the 1930's came, millions of men were unemployed. The Temple had few people to support it, but it had hundreds of hungry neighbors. Sunday congregations were small, but the pews were filled on week nights by men who had no other place to sleep.

Mr. Palmer was determined to minister to more people than the five who sat in the congregation the first Sunday he preached there. He would find men on The Bowery who needed help. With food as an inducement, five hundred men soon found their way to Mariners' Temple.

During the months Mr. Palmer helped these men. One by one he found a way to get old age or social security benefits for many of them, and the fortunate ones moved off The Bowery.

Next he turned to help the young people of the lower East Side—those who were already there and the Negroes and Puerto Ricans as they moved in. I learned that three hundred families of twelve different nationalities now have a part in the life and work of the church at Mariners' Temple.

After Mr. Palmer had finished telling me about his parish and the Chinese food had been eaten, it was time to return from Chinatown to the church. A congregation had already gathered for a worship service in the Chinese language. The Reverend S. C. Chiu stood in the pulpit. He spoke in the Cantonese dialect to a congregation that understood that language better than English.

Puerto Ricans gathered for a church service in Spanish later in the afternoon. After that came the young people—Chinese, Puerto Rican, Negro—all the mixture that belongs to New York.

People who came to church that Sunday answered a question that had come to my mind several times. Do the people who come to Mariners' Temple find that relationship with God through faith in Jesus Christ that marks one as Christian?

Severiano Padro helped give me the answer to that question. He said that he was born in Puerto Rico. Later in life he came to New York. He was like many other Puerto Ricans, he said, because he left all religion behind when he left his homeland. His wife was Roman Catholic, but she did not attend church. He wanted something in his life that he did not have, but he did not know how to get it. He urged his wife to take him to her church, but he was not satisfied there. He then went to Mariners' Temple. His own words for what happened to him were, "I found Christ here." He is a deacon in the church, and he is helping to build up the Spanish-speaking congregation.

José and his four-year-old brother sat behind me in church. José is in high school. After church he told me that he was born in Puerto Rico. Religion had not meant much to him in his homeland. But he said, "Here I was baptized."

On the subway train, one may read or think or stare blankly at nothing in particular. On the way home I decided to think about city churches I had known. Every one I recalled has been and continues to be in a community that has changed. People move from

one section of the city to another. Prosperous people start a church and rear their children in it. The children move to the suburbs when they establish their homes. Meanwhile, the houses near the church become old and out of style. Into them move foreign-speaking people, numbers of minority races, or rural people who have come to the city to work. Often the church nearby does not pay any attention to them. It extends no invitation to come to church. If they attend without any invitation, they often wish afterward that they had not. No one welcomes them. They feel out of place. Meanwhile, the city church reaches farther toward the edge of the city for its congregation, still trying to draw "our own kind of people."

One by one the members of the old downtown church transfer their membership to the churches that are nearer where they live. The congregation in the old city church dwindles, and one day the church door is closed for the last time. While church mice eat the hymn books, morals decay in the neighborhood. The church failed to meet the needs of its nearest neighbors. Therefore, it died.

Imagination is required to minister to people of different cultural and racial backgrounds. Usual services do not appeal to them.

Imagination works in other areas. For example, an automobile manufacturer realized his cars were not selling. He spent millions of dollars to build cars in a new style. Within a few months he was regaining the market he had lost. The business man who uses his creative ability to sell goods should use the same creative imagination in his church.

SAN FRANCISCO

AMONG THE CHINESE

Communists have closed China as a mission field, but many American cities have a Chinese mission field. To many, Chinatown is the place to dine in a restaurant that serves exotic foods. To

others, Chinatown is a place of mystery. Missionaries find Chinatown to be a mission field that is partly foreign and partly American. I went to see some missionaries who work in Chinatown. They told me that fifty thousand Chinese live in New York City and thirty thousand in San Francisco. Hundreds of tourists each day make Chinatown in New York a goldfish bowl. The Chinese like the money the tourists bring to their shops and restaurants. They do not like to be gazed at like monkeys in a zoo. They teach their children to avoid having their pictures taken by tourists, not to talk to sightseers. One boy broke the rule when a tourist asked him, "Where did you get those big eyes?" His reply, "Where did you get that big nose?"

The Chinese cling to their native language and native culture. They are proud of that ancient culture; they think it is superior to the culture of the sightseers who pass through their streets. The men behind the counters of the gift shops and the waiters in the restaurants are usually not Christians. Most of them do not even understand what the gospel is. By background, they may be Confucianists or Buddhists, but they may not practice any religion devotedly.

The cable cars were clanging up and down Nob Hill when I walked into San Francisco's Chinatown. Turning up one of the steep streets, I came to a brick building that presented the challenge of two flights of stairs between me and the office of the missionary. There I found the Reverend James Chuck, pastor of the church, and Miss Celia Allen, missionary. Mr. Chuck is a Chinese youth who grew up in the church, part of the time under the influence of Miss Allen's work.

I came quickly to a question that had puzzled me. "Are any of the people behind the counters in the stores I pass here in Chinatown Christian laymen who work in your church?"

"Not many of them," Miss Allen replied. A few are outstanding

Christian leaders as a result of the two generations of mission work in Chinatown. However, she said, I had put my finger on the serious problem the First Chinese Baptist Church had faced recently. After many years of successful work with children and young people, they realized that their church was still a mission. They knew that they should have built up a supporting constituency of Chinese adults who would now be doing missionary work rather than receiving missionary help.

Outsiders had come as missionaries to give them services on Sunday, a playground for the children, a school to teach the Chinese language to children, and another school to teach English to adults. These had been exceptionally useful services, but the Chinese people had not come to regard the mission as their own. Nor had the religion of the mission become theirs in many cases. While Miss Allen was thinking about this, she had two ideas that changed everything. One idea was that religious work will not succeed unless it is built up slowly from the support of the people themselves. The attitude that the church will be here whether the members support it or not is not wholesome. The other idea was that people would really much rather become partners in a local church enterprise and assume responsibility for its program than to be handed things free.

When these ideas were applied, it meant, first of all, that the Chinese people had to accept responsibility for their own building. There was a mortgage on the property. The mission board said the Chinese could have the building if they would assume the mortgage. The people in the mission accepted this responsibility, and the building became theirs.

Next Miss Allen was determined to find ways to teach the Chinese people, especially the younger ones who could speak English, how to become Christian leaders in the church and in their own homes. Young people were sent to local and national conferences

where they met other Christians. They were given reading material that would help them. Fellowship groups were formed in the church. Prayer groups began to meet. Leadership classes met for study and discussion. Those who showed ability to become leaders were given responsibilities.

Young Chinese men and women began to offer themselves for full-time Christian service. Several of them entered the University of California. Some went to theological school. One of them, James Chuck, was invited to become pastor of the church when he was graduated. He emphasized in his preaching and teaching the importance of evangelism and stewardship. He taught the people to give one tenth of their income to the church and taught them to apply the Christian teachings they knew to their daily lives in Chinatown.

The test came when the young people began to marry and establish their own homes. This was the time in life when the mission had been losing its young people—when they married. The church now taught the young married people how to rear their children as Christians, and they were encouraged to bring the entire family to church. The church built its program for all the family.

Instead of remaining a mission, the church is on its way to becoming a church with a mission. The Chinese young people have grown in leadership so well that Miss Allen has worked herself out of a job as their missionary.

This church has already found a mission field for itself in Chinatown. Since World War II many younger Chinese have come to the United States. They grew up in China while their country was at war. They have not known the old culture. They are here without their families, and so they do not have the restraint of their elders. They do not honor the elders who govern the families in Chinatown. Some of them have been taught by Communists in China. More and more they are in the courts for law violations.

This is something new for the Chinese, for usually they have kept their young people from trouble with the police. The young Christians in the Chinese church are befriending the newcomers. They invite them to church and welcome them to their fellowship groups. The response is slow, but at least this church has made a start toward placing responsibility for missionary outreach in the hands of the Chinese themselves.

From this Chinese church I climbed up the hill to visit two other missions in Chinatown. One was Donaldina Cameron House, a Presbyterian Christian center that provides club, craft, and athletic opportunities for boys and girls and young people. The other is Gum Moon Home, a Methodist residence for Asian girls.

These three missions in one community show how different denominations have learned to work together, each one carrying a different kind of responsibility. No one by itself would be sufficient. Together, they serve the Chinese efficiently.

I learned that all Chinese people do not live in the various Chinatowns. Many reside in neighborhoods where they have small places of business. The home of a family may be the small rooms back of a laundry. The Chinese children attend public schools, but mystery surrounds these families because people in the neighborhood have never tried to get personally acquainted with them. Churches that collect money to send missionaries to Asia too often ignore Asians in their midst, not recognizing that the Chinese people who live in their towns and cities are a part of their mission opportunity.

SCANDINAVIANS, TOO

A cable car ride over Nob Hill and then a street car ride for a few minutes brought me to an old-fashioned white house just off Market Street. Inside the house I found Scandinavia transplanted to San Francisco! The magazines and newspapers on the table were from Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and other Scandinavian cities.

The tables and chairs were from Norway. Pictures on the wall showed scenes from the land of the fjords. A Norwegian flag was on the wall. Bibles in Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish translations were conveniently placed about the room.

This is the home of the Reverend Thorbjorn Olsen and Mrs. Olsen, missionaries to the U.S.A. They told me that they had been sent by churches in the Scandinavian countries to be missionaries to the boys and men from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark who sail the seas. Mess boys as young as fourteen years, they said, come into San Francisco on ships that arrive every day. These boys, and the men also, come from good homes.

In the past when they came to San Francisco they were often exploited. They returned home sometimes with characters broken and with money gambled away. Churches in the United States were doing nothing for them. That is why a missionary was sent to them more than eight years ago.

Mr. Olsen told me that he was driving his station wagon on the waterfront one day when he saw a seaman whom he had known in Norway. He was dirty and unshaved. He walked unsteadily. Driving to the man's side, Mr. Olsen opened the door of the station wagon and invited the seaman to ride. He refused because he was too dirty and was ashamed to be found in such condition. One does not say "No" to Mr. Olsen, and so the man was soon seated in the station wagon.

"Where are you going?" Mr. Olsen had asked. The man had no destination; he was not going anywhere. He had no home in San Francisco, no hotel room. He had no job. He had been drinking, and all his money was gone.

"Where is your baggage?" Mr. Olsen asked. It was in a locker room at the bus station, and it would cost two dollars to claim it. Mr. Olsen went to the station, paid the two dollars, and recovered the baggage. Within a few minutes they were on the way to the

mission house. Mrs. Olsen welcomed the stranger warmly. In a few hours the unfortunate seaman had bathed and shaved and was wearing clean clothing that Mr. Olsen found for him. He remained at the mission two months. The Olsens gave him a place to sleep, food to eat, useful work to do, and friendship.

The seaman came to Mr. Olsen one day to say that he needed more than physical help; he needed someone to pray with him. Mr. Olsen assured him that they had people at the mission who would do that, too!

Work on a ship returning to Norway was found for the seaman. Then came a letter from the seaman's wife in Norway. She thanked the Olsens for sending back the seaman who had been absent from his family four years. She also thanked them for sending him back a better man than he was when he left. When Mr. Olsen visited Norway later, he went to visit that man's home. It was now a Christian home. The ex-seaman had a steady job that would keep him there. He was rebuilding his house, and it was a symbol to him of the new life he had achieved. Proudly showing his new home to Mr. Olsen, he said, "Here you can see what Christ can do for a sinner."

Mr. Olsen said that he meets about seven hundred ships every year. He takes about eight hundred seamen to his home every month. There they have lots of strong coffee and mountains of pastries. "Then they are in a good mood, and we can talk to them," Mrs. Olsen said. They ask Mrs. Olsen to help them shop for gifts to take back home. They make recordings of their voices and send them home by air mail. One family in Norway reported that the household cat would go to the phonograph and ask that the voice of his young master be played.

Churches all over the Scandinavian countries write letters of appreciation to the Olsens because of the moral and spiritual changes they see in people who have been to the mission. Sea captains and other ships officers are profuse in their thanks when Mr.

Olsen comes on board ship. The local consulates turn to the Scandinavian Seamen's Mission for help when seamen are in trouble. Parents of sailors as well as the seamen themselves are going to church in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark for the first time in their lives because of the mission that reaches to the waterfront in San Francisco.

Mr. Olsen is careful to say that he is reaching only the Scandinavian seamen who come to San Francisco area ports. Many thousands of seamen come on other ships. No one meets them except the agents of gambling places and liquor sellers. They are always on hand when seamen leave the ships. "Do you have any money?" and "Have you been paid?" are the questions they ask. Many seamen return to their ships with no money and with dark stains on their characters.

Ten thousand seamen come into New York City each week from foreign ports. Seaports on both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts receive still other thousands of seamen. When the St. Lawrence Seaway is opened, the Great Lakes ports will also have seamen arriving from overseas. Representatives of vice welcome these men, and they have made provisions to receive them. The waterfront is a part of Mission Field: U.S.A.

DELINQUENTS ANYWHERE

"It's awfully easy to get into trouble when you don't have anything to do." That is the way Jack explained it, and it was not an excuse either. I thought I understood.

Jack could have lived in any of the cities I visited, or in a smaller town or on a farm. Juvenile delinquents are found anywhere. The next time you are with 126 teen-agers, between ten and seventeen years of age, at school or at a game, just make a mental note that, on an average, one of them was arrested by the police last year. If

there are 261, one came into court. The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare reports these facts. The Bureau also says that during the last six years the number of juvenile delinquents has increased 29 per cent. Fifty-one per cent of all persons convicted of crimes against property in 1953 were under twenty-one years of age. That is why it was not hard to find a boy like Jack.

Jack felt that everything in the city was stacked against him. Back on the farm he had had plenty to do, and he had liked it. Work with farm machinery and care of the animals had been interesting. Jack had been busy on the farm. When he wanted to run around, he had been able to do it without bothering people. He had never been in trouble. But when Jack was fourteen years old, his father got a job in the city. The family moved into an apartment.

Jack had to start all over to make new friends, and he did not know how or where to begin. There seemed to be nothing to do in the long hours after school. He wanted so much to find something to do to fill vacant and friendless hours that he complained, "I can't even get a job because of some old child labor laws."

With so many ways to get into trouble, there is no need to say exactly what Jack did. The dragnet of the police department caught him. Another statistic was added to the juvenile delinquent list.

Jack has company all over America, both in "nice" communities and in "bad." A "nice" Eastern suburban town with 4,400 boys and girls in the schools listed these as some of the things that got juveniles into trouble in their town:

accidental shooting	forgery
arson	incorrigibility
assault and battery	larceny of autos and bicycles
breaking and entry	motor vehicle violation
carrying concealed weapon	malicious mischief
disorderly conduct	shoplifting

A Western city with a population of 40,000 found it necessary to have two police officers specializing in preventing crime by juveniles. Their list of ways that teen-agers get into trouble was about the same as that for the Eastern town except that they added "liquor and drugs."

Because Edward Rapp is a missionary to juvenile delinquents all over America, I went to him to see what was being done to help teen-agers in trouble.

My first question to Ed was: "Do young people who go to church get into trouble with the police as often as those who do not?"

"No," he replied. "Only 4 per cent of delinquents are regular in their church attendance."

"Then how do you go about your work of reaching boys and girls who are not in church?" I wanted to know.

Mr. Rapp said that it was necessary first to find out what caused juvenile delinquency in a community and what was being done to prevent it. That meant getting people to make surveys of their communities. He tells churches that they can have expert help in making such studies if they will invite the experts to come to them. Surveyors are at work today in different cities to find out what kinds of people live near the church, how much delinquency and crime there is, where young people go when they want to play, and whether the churches are reaching beyond the families that already belong to them.

One of the first discoveries such surveyors make is that church people often do not know what will interest young people or how to lead youth activities. To help them get some know-how a National Recreation Leaders' Laboratory for Church Workers was started at Green Lake, Wisconsin. Each year leaders of young people from churches all over the country attend this laboratory to learn how to plan parties, direct folk games, guide hobby and craft activities, lead group singing. These workers then go back to

their churches with training that will help them reach young people who are not interested in the usual things that churches do. Sunday school, worship services, and youth fellowship meetings are important, but many young people will never have anything to do with these until they learn that people in church are "regular" people with whom they can have fun. Then they are ready to receive the deeper religious teaching that everyone needs.

But many teen-agers are like Jack; they have missed out when it came to church. He was already in trouble. It was too late now to undo what had been done. He needed some concentrated help. The people from a nearby church sent him to a Junior Citizens' Camp in his area. Here he met others his own age who also had police court records or soon would have if nobody helped them. They had been sent to camp by churches and also by probation officers, juvenile court judges, and welfare workers in various cities.

Junior Citizens' Camps are like other church camps that meet all over the country in summer, except in two important points. First, the leaders are ministers, child welfare workers, "Y" staff members, Boy and Girl Scout leaders, staff workers from Christian centers, and college students whose training especially fits them for helping delinquent or predelinquent teen-agers in this kind of camp. Second, the boys and girls are carefully chosen. To look at them you would not think of them as being different from any other young teen-agers, and in one sense they are not. They are between the ages of eleven and fourteen years, and they dress and look like others of the same age. If they have acted differently so that they are called delinquents or predelinquents, it may not be their fault. The world that adults made for them to live in just gave them too little opportunity to do right and too much opportunity to do wrong.

At Junior Citizens' Camp, Jack swam, went on hikes, played games, made things with his own hands, joined with others for

singing around campfires in the evening, and sometimes had heart-to-heart talks with his counselor. Bible study and worship were made to fit a boy who never had read a Bible nor worshiped before. One night during tent devotions when the boys had a chance to tell what had happened to them in camp, Jack said, "I learned today that this is a place where if you do something wrong nobody gets mad."

When camp was over, Jack had a different way of looking at life, and he had friends. People who cared about him stood by him all through the winter that followed. Next summer if he needs more of that kind of experience and wants to go back to camp, he will be able to go again.

Jack, Mr. Rapp told me, had neither the best nor the worst record behind him when he came to the Junior Citizens' Camp. Mr. Rapp spoke of juvenile gangs, complete with gang leader, switch-blade knives, and reform school "diplomas," who had come to these camps. These same boys and girls have returned from the camps to go straight in their home communities. They have become leaders in school athletics, and their grades have gone up to the honor roll lists. This is because the Junior Citizens' Camps have succeeded in one of their stated purposes: "To develop an awareness of God's relationship to all the child's experience."

From the lower East Side in New York to Chinatown on the edge of Nob Hill in San Francisco, I had visited cities, and in the country between I had seen reform school graduates in Christian camps. But this was not all!

I had discovered, to my amazement, that according to the latest statistics available, the rate of increase of juvenile delinquency has been even greater in less densely populated areas of our country than it has been over the whole nation. Courts serving areas of under 100,000 population have shown a combined increase of as high as 40 per cent, and the records of some of these small courts

show an increase in excess of 100 per cent. The majority of "crimes" were stealing and committing malicious mischief.

I may have seemed to have passed by communities where the streets are wide and clean, where church life features well-trained choirs, carefully prepared sermons, youth discussions and social groups, organizations for men and women. But such communities were often in my thinking, and I asked myself again and again: How welcome would young people whose reputations are not so good be in these churches? How aware are such communities and their churches of gangs on street corners? Of youth whose racial or national or economic family backgrounds differ from that of the majority of the church families? How can a church of "respectable" people, accustomed to arranging everything to appeal to "their own kind," do something about conditions that cause juvenile delinquency? How can they extend the kind of invitation to people now outside the church that will be accepted?

It is in getting out a "kind of invitation to church that they will accept" that home missionaries in our cities excel. They abandon conventional ways of doing church work in order to win youth—and older people as well. They use keen imaginations to understand what the people round about them need most, and they find ways to attract these people.

They know that if young people hang around street corners and cause trouble in the community, the church can open its doors through the week and offer them the kind of recreation they want. They have proved that Christian leaders can attract young people to the church and to God.

The church that is continually reaching farther and farther out to the suburbs to get its congregation while ignoring the people who live next door may perform its best ministry by finding the sort of Christian service that the people nearby need and offering that service to them. Every church has a missionary opportunity

close to its own doorstep.

No follower of Christ can leave this job wholly to the employed home missionary. The missionary will continue to do his work faithfully and well, but alone he cannot cope with Mission Field: U.S.A. and the problems in the great cities of our country or, as I was soon to discover, with other problems in the open spaces.

PURPLE MOUNTAINS AND FRUITED PLAINS

Frank Fields and his bride, Cornelia, knew that the time had come to make up their minds. Would they live in the city or in the country? A job was waiting for them in both places. Frank was a student for the ministry. Graduation Day was coming soon. Then would begin that big thing he had long dreamed about, his life work. Whether he chose the country or the city, he hoped it would be "for keeps."

There was a church in the city. It was in a suburb on the other side of the city where Cornelia had grown up. It had just about everything a minister could want including a new parsonage. Frank was a good preacher, too. Everybody liked him.

There would have been no question for Frank and Cornelia if that man had not talked in chapel about rural church work. He was a national leader in that field. What he said disturbed them, especially Frank who had been reared in a country town. The man had said that thousands of rural churches had been closed during the last fifty years. Protestantism once had its greatest strength in the country but not any more. Even so, he said, more people now live in rural communities than at any other time in our history.

Frank and Cornelia had talked with the speaker after chapel. In fact, the speaker had asked to talk with them. He said he was looking for the students that stood among the highest in the class because he wanted that kind of leadership for the rural church. He said also that he did not want anyone who was planning to use the rural church as a steppingstone to a city church.

He was not offering them an easy life, the national rural leader said. There would be big problems to work on. If they went to the Dakotas or Montana, Utah or Idaho, they would find a diminishing rural population with churches weakened as a result. They would be far from other ministers. There as well as in certain other places where rural income is low they would have to serve two or three churches. He told them that if they went to some of the prosperous commercial farming areas they would be expected to minister to migratory farm workers. The rural field presented variety, all right, and the problems were just as varied as the different regions. The Appalachian Mountains would be different from the Plains states. New England towns would not be at all like the South. Each place was different from the other except in one respect. Every one needed a better pastor than it could afford.

What the rural leader had said about teen-agers and children troubled Frank and Cornelia the most. Except for this they might have given no more thought to the rural field at all. He said that the highest birth rate in the United States is in the rural areas. Many children and teen-agers need guidance and more help than they are now receiving. When they grow up, many of these youth will move to the city. Wherever they live, the kind of people they will be is being determined today in the country.

Frank told the rural leader that he did not have enough specialized training for rural church work. That was when he learned that schools give rural ministers additional training in brief courses.

Cornelia was not sure that she would like rural life. She had never lived in the country. The rural leader told her that the city and the country are more alike in some ways than she might think. Most rural homes have electricity. They have radios and television. Rural women read the same newspapers, magazines, and books and wear the same styles as city women. "You'll find rural life just as interesting as city life," he assured her.

Frank and Cornelia decided to toss this question around for a few more days before they made up their minds. Would it be the city or the country? Country or city? If the country should win out, would one of the rural sections I was to visit have their leadership? This thought gave added interest in the trip I was to take next.

IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

Three young men stood outside the general store as I braked the station wagon to a stop on the mountain grade. They were tall and slender, and their faces told me that they were just out of high school. They wore the costume of rural America, blue dungarees and blue work shirts. It was the last hour of daylight on an early summer evening; it was the hour for loafing. My greeting to the idle youths as I stepped up to the door was met with a grunt of recognition, and that was all.

The wood-burning stove with its black stovepipe had not yet been taken down for the summer. Bolts of colorful cloth filled the shelves behind the counter on one side of the store. Canned foods lined the opposite wall shelves. Farm tools and horse collars decorated the back wall. A few farmers sat at a soda fountain, their eyes fixed on something in the far corner of the store. A man with a wrinkled, thin face stepped forward to ask what I wanted. As he served me a bottle of soda pop, I made conversation by commenting on the dry weather. He replied that the weather was not all that was dry in that part of the Appalachians.

I glanced again at the men to see that they were sipping cokes. Then I saw on the far wall a television set tuned to a program that millions of Americans were watching. A little "snow" on the screen made the only difference here.

Where were the long rifles? Where were the jugs of moonshine? Where were the hound dogs? Where was the feuding? The moun-

taineers-on-the-paved-road were watching television and sipping cokes like the rest of America.

People had told me that the mountains were a mission field, and so I had to come here to see. As I drove through these mountains, I talked with the people to learn how they thought and acted. A young man sat on a stone by the side of the road. I stopped to visit with him. He wore the usual dungarees and blue shirt. He appeared to be about seventeen years old. He said that he did not have a job. He did not seem to be concerned about whether or not he might find work to do. He said he had just returned from a trip to Texas.

"I just went to see the country," he explained when I asked him about the trip. I had expected him to say something about military service that had called him to Texas. When I asked a missionary, a native of the community, why the young man would have traveled so far when he obviously had no surplus money, she said that he represented one viewpoint found in the mountains. If you have enough to eat, be satisfied. If you get a few dollars saved up, take a trip or buy gadgets to put on your old car.

ALONG THE HIGHWAY

The highway followed the stream deeper and deeper into the coal country on the following day. Around a sharp bend in the road I found the unmistakable signs of the drive-in—ample parking space before two great glass windows through which a frozen custard machine could be seen. "Chicken" on the sign pasted across the window reminded me that it was time to eat.

While I was waiting for the chicken to get its traditional Southern treatment, a young man came in to eat a sandwich.

"What are you doing these days?" I asked him, after first assuring him of my friendliness by the usual comments on the weather.

He said that he was working for the man who operated the company store for a coal mining company.

"What is ahead for you?" I prodded in an effort to see what dreams were in the heart of a young man in the mountains.

"I don't know. Five fellows from my high school class have gone into the Army," he answered.

"Drafted?" I asked.

"No, enlisted. Nothing to do here."

"How big was your graduating class?"

"Not very big."

Five boys from his class were evidently a large part of it. The only way they could find work was to join the Army. The young man at my side thought that he would soon be number six to enlist.

A man parked a late model car and came inside. At the counter he ordered a cup of coffee. Conversation over the coffee showed that he and the woman behind the counter were friends.

"Where you work now?" she asked.

"Down at Oak Ridge—at the atomic energy plant," he answered. He said he had driven home that day to see his parents.

I entered the conversation. It seemed best to explain my presence on that remote highway. The New Jersey license plate on my station wagon told them that I was from the North.

"I'm doing some writing, and I am gathering some material for it," I explained. "The mountains have changed," I added, meaning for the others in the drive-in to understand that I did not expect to write about the mountain people as if moonshining and feuding were the major activities of mountain life.

The man from Oak Ridge warmed toward me at that idea. He pointed toward a hill across the river. "I can remember when moonshiners used to hide jugs of liquor up on that hill under some rocks. Men would come there and get drunk on it. They don't do it any more," he said. He seemed to be pleased as he said it.

A coal handler, his face blackened by coal dust, came in for a giant dip of frozen custard to top off his lunch.

The woman behind the counter finally found time to tell her story. She and her husband had recently moved back from Detroit. There she had worked at the check-out counter of a supermarket, and her husband had a job at an automobile plant.

"Why did you leave Detroit?" I asked, thinking that the big city in the North had more to offer than this mountain town.

"My husband got laid off," she said. Then she added, "If we'd have stayed in Detroit, my daughter would have had to go to school with Negroes."

She saw the question on my face. "Now she'll have to go to school with Negroes here, anyhow, but there are not so many of them," she said.

"Do you have more money here than you had in Detroit?" I asked. She had said that her husband now worked for a power company.

"We got more money in Detroit, but we spent more. We are just as well off here," she replied.

By this time the Southern fried chicken had passed every test, and so I drove on, following the river as it narrowed, then driving along a branch of the stream. At last I turned at the corner where a graveled road led over Pine Mountain.

On the other side was a fertile valley with a few farms and more mountains with roads twisting and turning to hug the bank of a little stream. Where the ground was level for a few feet, mountain cabins had been built. Where there was more level ground, it was planted with corn or beans or potatoes. The children played on front porches, using an old wheel or a stick and a can for toys. There was no room for a baseball field. Not only all the level land, but even the steep mountain slopes were planted in crops in order to raise enough food. The old story about shooting corn into the steep sides of mountains from the opposite side of the valley seemed believable here. There were too many people for the land to support.

Coal mining country appeared after the cabins and the little

patches of corn. Now villages were so near to each other that the last house in one village was not far from the first house in the next one. Miners with lamps on their caps were going home in midafternoon. Already the switch engines were coupling gondola cars of coal, making trains to move toward the ships on Lake Erie and the steel mills to the north.

LOTHAIR

Lothair was like the other villages, only a little larger. Coal dust had settled on the streets and sidewalks, leaving them black. The leaves of trees and the sides of houses seemed to beg for a rainstorm to wash them clean. Steep steps on a hillside led me to the home of the Reverend and Mrs. William Brown, missionaries who were to show me another view of the mountain country. By now I was ready to ask many questions about what I had seen during the day. Mr. Brown, in the true tones of a man from Georgia, eager and yet serious, youthful and yet responsible for a mission that reaches people in eighteen mountain counties, was well informed about his parish.

He said that nearly half a million people live in camps, towns, and cabins in eastern Kentucky. The birth rate here is among the highest in the United States. And the people do not make enough money to support their large families. A coal miner receives about twenty dollars for a day of work, but many days he does not work. Seventy dollars a week is considered a high wage for a miner.

The mountain people believe that there is a future for the mining of coal though the demand for it has decreased, Mr. Brown said. The atomic energy plants at Paducah and in the Scioto Valley of Ohio require coal for the atom splitting job. The great new demand for coal to produce electricity and increased use of coal in chemical industries will give more work to miners in years to come.

I had heard this region called the "Bible Belt" many times. The term was meant to say that people in this area follow a literal

Bible-centered religion. I asked Mr. Brown if it was true that most of the people were Christians in his mission field. He answered by telling about a survey they had made soon after he arrived. It showed that only 300 of the 1500 people in Lothair were connected with any church. That left 1200 people that were outside any church, and Lothair is one of the communities that is considered more "churched."

He said that a survey of persons twelve years of age and older had shown that, in all eastern Kentucky, hardly more than one person in ten is a member of any church. Only one in fifteen is enrolled in a Sunday school. The Browns were sent as missionaries for the sake of nine out of every ten persons who have no connection in any way with a church. They came for the sake of fourteen out of every fifteen who are not in Sunday school.

"What are you doing for the children who have no place to play and the young people I saw loafing at the stores and filling stations?" I asked.

At this point Mrs. Brown came in to insist that I eat dinner with them. He seconded the invitation, saying that after dinner we would go to a chapel near a coal tippie for a Bible study meeting.

At dusk we drove along the highway until both the railroad tracks and a road turned to the left. Following the tracks, we came to some empty gondolas before the tippie, ready to be filled by miners the following day. A small stream ran in front of some houses nearby and the chapel. Some men stood by the stream, talking until time to go inside for the Bible study. The women had already gone into the chapel.

"This church was started because of a funeral," Mr. Brown explained. A funeral director had called him to bury a young soldier who had been killed in World War II. The young man's family had no church. "Where is your church?" they had asked the minister. He told them, thinking that they were only using this as a way of

saying, "You helped us, now we will come to your church sometime."

One Sunday about a year later the family of the deceased soldier came to his church which was across town from where they lived. Before long the mother became an active member of the church. Her devotion was proved when Mr. Brown started evangelistic meetings some distance away. The new convert brought her car filled with her neighbors to the services. One night her husband and daughter came into the group of followers of Christ.

When the possibility of a church in her own community opened, she was delighted. She visited her neighbors and enlisted them as members of a Sunday school. She helped to find a meeting place. A Sunday school, worship services, and prayer meetings were started.

"It is their church," Mr. Brown declared. "Not one penny for outside labor was used to remodel this old boarding house into an attractive chapel. Every bit of the labor and skill was contributed by the church members."

Five new churches have been started using this pattern, Mr. Brown said. He has enlisted young men as preachers and young women as workers in these churches. Beginning with thirteen churches among the coal workers five years ago, he now has twenty. The twenty-four Sunday schools have become thirty-three. A new evangelistic program has been launched; the twenty churches in the mission area have received each year an average of ten members on profession of faith for each one hundred members already in the churches.

Meanwhile, the young people have gone to work to solve the problems they had because there was no place for recreation. They started a recreation center in the basement of the mining company's commissary and turned a churchyard into a playground.

"The church is here to help meet every need of people," Mr. Brown said. In a coal camp, schoolrooms were added to the church

building because little children needed a school within safe walking distance. The horizon of other children is being broadened by the Brown Stamp Club for little stamp collectors. The five children of the missionary family are enthusiastic members.

In all the variety of activities, the central work of the missionary is never forgotten. "The deepest needs of men are spiritual," Mr. Brown declared.

The Browns are missionaries to rural industrial people who make their living in mining, which has been many a mountaineer's occupation for decades, and in factories and other industrial centers that have come more recently. For these mountain people, the rural agricultural mission work I was to see later at Annville and Henderson would have little meaning. As they earn their living in the world of industry, day-by-day contacts with management and unions, the types of work they do, and newly aroused desires make their lives more like those of their city contemporaries.

Churches that once served farmers but now must minister to industrial workers because of the changes that have come into the community around them must change the kind of church work they do.

Churches that did not change are strung along the highway. Many are closed. Some of the buildings have fallen into disrepair. Some churches have tried to keep alive with an accent on emotionalism with more or less success.

To serve people in industry in this area, the minister must understand the problems miners face as they hazard life and health in the mines and coal dust. He must see through the coal dust on their faces to the man that is behind the dust. He must understand the problems of the factory worker—the deadening routine, the lack of creativity, his relation to union and employer. And his wife must know the struggles common to mothers of large families who do not have enough money to buy adequate food and clothing for

their children, who may live in poor houses, who may be bored by their barren routine of daily living.

I left Mr. and Mrs. Brown with a deep conviction that they understood the people and that through them and others like them the church was tackling a job that needed to be done and doing so in an effective way.

My next visit was to take me into a more typically rural section of Kentucky where for years the settlement type of mission work had been in operation. State and local governments have taken over some of this work by sending social workers, teachers, and agricultural specialists into areas of particular need—yet some of the settlement missions continues their work because people need them. I left Lothair to take a swing around the farming communities of the Appalachians.

ANNVILLE INSTITUTE

After passing village after village of coal miners' homes, I came to the green fields of Kentucky farming communities, and then to Annville in Jackson County. The coal tippie and the full gondola of coal have no place in this county in which thirteen thousand people, most of them farmers, live. The county has two doctors, one of them at Annville Institute, the other twenty miles away. When the United States Army called Annville's doctor into service, it quickly discharged him, for the officers ruled that he came from a "critical" area. His Army career ended before it began, and he returned to his clinic, his jeep, and his round of calls to sick beds in mountain cabins.

Annville Institute is more than a clinic, however. The county agricultural agent says that there is a difference in the farms of the county because of the farm at the Institute. Guernsey cows, pigs, and chickens on the two-hundred-acre farm, not only help support the school by providing food for the dining room, but they also give

students a practical example of how to farm. This example has influenced farmers to have clean fields without weeds, fences that are in good repair, and homes and farm buildings with new paint. Lawns surrounding farm homes are neatly trimmed.

The Institute, located out of Annville on Highway 30 between Tynor and East Berstadt, is a fully accredited high school established by the Reformed Church in America to help provide, in the words of its founder, "complete living for the mountain people." Students come to Annville from about ten surrounding counties.

Some Annville graduates go back to the farm. Others become teachers. Some go away to college and then return to teach at Annville. The athletic coach came to his position that way.

"Do these independent mountain boys become good players on a team?" I asked this coach.

"Yes, they make good players," he said. "They know how to work together as a team. Our team won eleven of fifteen scheduled basketball games last season, and some of the star players at the state university are our boys from the mountains."

When the mission at Annville was started fifty years ago, the denomination that sent the missionaries had no churches in the county. Only a small portion of the population belonged to any church. Now there are four self-supporting churches in the area and two churches that are on the way to self-support, and eight Sunday schools. The pastors teach religion to the pupils in the fifty public schools in the county. One day each week for ten weeks is required for this teaching. The Reverend Ray Hays, who grew up in the Annville area, heads the work and teaches in thirty of the schools.

Honesty and sincerity are written on the face of Mr. Hays. He looks like a common man, but he talks like one who is uncommonly able to lead men. When he spoke to me, he was direct. There were no extra phrases to soften the meaning of what he said. "You haven't anything to go on until a man gets his soul restored," he

said. "You've got to have a set of principles to build on. Teaching agriculture is important, so is the other teaching in the school and the medical work at the clinic. It is good to sell used clothing to the people at a small cost. But if a man senses his responsibility to God, he will accept responsibility in his family and toward his fellow man. If a mission is doing its work right, you can tell it when you get within five or ten miles of the place." He told a story to show what he meant about a man's responsibility to God and to his family.

Some years ago several men met every Sunday to play cards. Each man had a jug of liquor at his side. The cardplayers neglected their wives and children. What Mr. Hays did to return these men to their families is best described by one of them, who once said to Mr. Hays, "Since you came here, that Sunday card game has gone to pieces."

When this man came forward in an evangelistic meeting conducted by Mr. Hays, he asked to speak to the congregation. "Something has happened in here," he said as he placed his hand over his heart. "I've stood between my wife and God," he confessed. The missionary invited the wife to come forward and stand with her husband. She came. "Both of them are changed people now," Mr. Hays said. Since that time people have crowded the meeting place, and the county has exercised local option and has gone dry.

We talked of ministers who have not known the advantages of education, some of whom do not regard education as any advantage but rather as the work of the devil. Mr. Hays had sensed a barrier between his church and the congregations led by these men. When he began his missionary work, he was determined to break down that barrier through Bible teaching. That, he said, is why he is teaching the Bible to the school children of the county.

After a short tour of his parish, I left Mr. Hays at the end of the lane leading to his house. The green fields and rolling hills made the driving pleasant. At regular intervals the road passed by the country

school houses where Mr. Hays and his fellow missionaries teach the Bible.

PINEVILLE AND HENDERSON SETTLEMENT

The little city of Pineville, Kentucky, is near the fork in the road where I was to make the turn that would lead me to Henderson Settlement. I stopped at the automobile supply store to visit with Chester Nielsen to see what new insights he might give me about life in the mountains. I had visited with him fifteen years earlier, and I wanted to know if mountain people still lived as he had described them to me then.

"The people in the mountains are my regular customers. They come to town every week," Mr. Nielsen said. "Fifteen years ago the mountain men came to town only once a year, to pay their taxes. They would check their guns in my store in the morning when they got to town. When they were ready to go home, they would come and get their guns, and then I didn't see them again for another year."

"What brought about the change?" I asked.

"The roads, for one thing," he said. "Now they have paved roads going back into the mountains instead of the footpaths they had fifteen years ago." He said that the first road to the right off the main highway was paved all the way to Frakes, home of the Henderson Settlement. This settlement had also had something to do with the change in the way the people lived, Mr. Nielson told me.

At Henderson summer vacation had begun, and many teachers had already gone away for the season. A woman sitting in the shade of a tree on the school grounds said I should go to the little white house by the country store. There I would find Mrs. Ruby Lambdin. She could tell me about the settlement work because she had grown up here and was now a teacher in the school. I found Mrs. Lambdin eager to show off the the school buildings and to tell about the work.

We went by the swimming pool, used mostly when summer conferences meet at the settlement. Then we paused by the chapel, built of logs and lumber from the mountains.

Sermons preached in the chapel are not like those heard in most churches, she said. The Reverend Glenn Evans, superintendent of the settlement, gets his sermons out of the daily life of boys and girls in the school and on the farm. One wintry day he led some of the older boys to the orchard, where they pruned trees that had received no care for many years. When Sunday came, Mr. Evans told the congregation of the improvement they had made in the orchard. Then he said, "God wants a big red apple instead of the scrawny green apples that used to grow on these trees."

Mrs. Lambdin took me to the top of the hill near the big frame dormitories and classroom buildings. She said that one day in the spring Mr. Evans had brought all 486 of the students out of the classroom to a point where they could overlook a valley down below. They had looked into a hollow that was cut to pieces by a gulley that snaked its way downgrade, breaking what was left of the fields and pastureland into such small sections that they were useless. Now that was to be changed.

Mr. Evans and some of the older schoolboys had planted one thousand sticks of dynamite in the valley, each one in exactly the right place. Electric wiring went from one explosive charge to the next, connecting all of them to one switch. As the switch was turned, a boom that seemed to shake the hollow nearly deafened the students on the hilltop. Clods, rocks, and dust flew upward. When the dust had settled, the spectators in the hilltop "gallery" saw a bulldozer move in and begin to rearrange the landscape. When the next rainfall sent a stream coursing through the valley, it flowed through a straight ditch between planted fields and blue grass pastureland.

"That was my best sermon," Mr. Evans had said later.

"Religion is not just a part of life here," Mrs. Lambdin explained as we walked across the campus. "Religion is all of life." Even the prizes won in school contribute to teaching the boys and girls that they may work together with God on their farms. A prize was offered for the best essay on how Henderson Settlement had helped the area. Two girls tied for first place. Each was rewarded—with a husky pig.

Yet all the example and teaching of Henderson Settlement cannot make it easy for farmers to dig a living out of the steep mountains. The little sawmills employ only a few of them. Many men leave their families in the mountains while they go up North to work in the factories. Behind him a man may leave his wife and seven or eight children, living in an inadequate house. The children grow up with improper food, poor clothing, and with little opportunity to learn a better way of life. Henderson Settlement will be needed for many years to come to show them this better way.

HODGENVILLE

From Henderson I drove westward until I reached the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. Here I stopped at a motel. A gift shop was connected with it. In the center of the shop stood an old hand loom with a partly woven piece of colorful goods in it. The woman who stood behind the counter came to the loom and pushed the shuttle back and forth a few times to show me how it worked. Then we discussed life in the Appalachians. She soon referred to a story about the mountain people that had appeared recently in a magazine with a wide circulation. It had featured shooting and drinking liquor—the traditional type of story about mountain life. She also spoke of comic strips about mountain people that are featured in daily newspapers all over the United States.

She said that people of the mountain area resent these stories and comic strips. They do not read them. They consider them to be

caricatures of real life. That led me to think some more about what I had seen before I arrived at the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

I thought of many a father and mother living in a mountain cabin today. They have no education because there were no schools for them when they were young. Their children may be hungry, they have insufficient clothing, and they have no place to play. There is little money for food, clothing, or recreation. And then they are exploited as characters in comic strips!

When the son of a man in the mountains loafs by the side of the road because there is no other place to go and when there is no job for that son except in the United States Army, the mountaineer's resentment of criticism or ridicule is understandable.

These are people with the deep passions that produce feuds, but I realized that they are also capable of deep devotion and patience. They love independence so much that they are hostile to the "foreigner" who intrudes into their lives. The mine and factory owners and the people who buy coal, and electricity and steel made with coal, share the responsibility for the economic and social conditions found in the Kentucky mountains.

The missionary in the mountains is there to serve, not to criticize. He has schools for the young. He helps establish places of recreation for them. He brings the doctor to give them better health. He shows them the way to better food through better farming. He works with the people to build community life that is centered in the church of Jesus Christ. That is his mission in the mountains and ours.

IN SOUTH DAKOTA

Farther and farther into the West the highway led into prairieland where the grain blowing in the wind is like a sea of amber waves. After seeing the mountain missions, I was on the way to rural mis-

sions in sparsely settled America. Rain had saturated the Black Hills of South Dakota for six days and then had fallen in torrents on the plains. The highway had become a liquid emulsion of gravel, sand, and gray mud. The hazard of driving was made worse by the steers that chose the center of highway as a spot upon which to stand and ruminate.

Ranchers had left their cars at home and were traveling on horseback. They followed the lone Rural Electrification Administration wire that left the highway at intervals to go over a rise in the prairie landscape and there connect an isolated ranch house with the rest of the world. These homes made up the rural parish I had come to visit.

TIMBER LAKE

I kept to the muddy road because it led to Timber Lake, home of the Reverend Jeanie Sherman, another home missionary. The liquid mud had left only two peepholes in the windshield for me to see through when I drove up to the parsonage. Miss Sherman and her adopted daughter rushed a message to a young man of the church to wash the car while we talked about Miss Sherman's work.

She told me that the mission board had sent her to South Dakota with instructions to serve the territory from the Missouri River on the east to Wyoming on the west, from North Dakota on the north to U.S. Route 212 on the south. Vermont as a parish would have been a smaller field. With car and trailer she was to cover this field, holding vacation church schools and evangelistic services, calling in ranch homes, starting Sunday schools, and serving the people wherever and however she found them.

Jeanie Sherman is not afraid of hard work, but she was convinced from the beginning that "hit and run" mission work would not bring lasting results. She persuaded the mission board to shrink the parish to sixty miles east to west and seventy miles north to

south. Rhode Island could be placed inside the parish now and have enough room left over for a large cattle ranch plus a state park with timber, lakes, and a ski run! Yet there have been times when Miss Sherman was the only resident minister in the area.

Two questions had been in my mind as I drove toward Timber Lake, and I asked them as soon as there was opportunity. How were the ranch people responding to Miss Sherman, woman missionary from Boston, Massachusetts? And how was the Yankee missionary taking it in the land of wheat, cattle, and sheep?

To answer the questions Miss Sherman had to tell how her missionary work there had started ten years earlier. She had driven up to the parsonage in her old Plymouth sedan. First out was her pet dog and then the children.

"One, two, three, four, five, six!" the neighbors counted. Next was June Schaffner and, finally, the new minister, the Reverend Jeanie Sherman. Her family had been gathered when tragedy struck various homes in her Eastern parishes. Miss Sherman, with the help of June, had offered the homes that six children needed.

The words *Timber Lake* had sounded pleasant when the family first heard them in New England. They suggested a beautiful lake surrounded by trees. At the border of the town, they found the lake, a small body of polluted water with cottonwood saplings growing around it. Beyond the lake was the village consisting of a few houses on dusty streets, stores for groceries, farm machinery, and hardware, and a railroad station.

After the long drive from Vermont, the two women and six children were delighted to find even a modest house that they could call home.

The homes of the area and the church were in two separate worlds when she came to Timber Lake, Miss Sherman said. One evidence of this was the marriage customs of the young people.

These young people did not go to the minister when they were

married. They went to the justice of the peace. No weddings were ever held in the church. The young people then started their homes without a minister, and through the years they lived without a minister or the church. Their children were reared without any religious training.

"I'll begin with the children and young people," Miss Sherman had told herself. She thought of them when the preparations were made for church on Sunday morning. She preached sermons in words that children understood. The sermons were not too long either. She decided to win the children to responsible church membership before they reached high school age.

When boys and girls were old enough to join the church, she required each one to attend a training class one day a week for six weeks. This was not for one year, but every year until the new member became twenty-one years old. Everything about being a Christian was discussed in the class: God, Jesus, the Cross, and what the church is; how to follow Jesus in work, school, recreation, home-making; the importance of choosing a life vocation; how to choose one's life vocation; how to choose the right life partner; how to be a Christian citizen; how to let Christ make a difference in daily life right now; and how to give to and serve the church in a way big enough to make their gifts an offering to God.

"Even the young people who are away at college, at work, or in the armed services are asked to use our hour of worship as a time of prayer for their church and for the group that is meeting back at Timber Lake," Miss Sherman says. "By beginning with them when they are still in the grades, by giving them time and nurture through the years, we do not have to hunt for our young people when they are seventeen and eighteen. They are already loyal workers in the church, and we do not lose them when they become adults."

"As for marriage," Miss Sherman added, "you cannot plan for a successful Christian marriage at the last minute."

"Do young people come to you to be married now?" I asked.

"Every couple is married in the church, even if it is a small wedding," she said. "The church is now the center of life for the Christian in the community."

"As soon as newly married young people are settled in their homes, they expect to have a home dedication," Miss Sherman explained. This is a service led by the president of the youth organization. There is singing. The Bible is read. A devotional magazine with daily readings is used in the service. The pastor talks to the couple about the use of their home. She tells them that it is a place where they belong, where they can relax. It is theirs, a place where friends can come, a place where they can witness to the meaning of Christ. She asks them to have grace at every meal and suggests that they make times when friends come to see them opportunities to sing hymns together.

At this home dedication the president of the young people charges the couple to read the daily devotional magazine and the Bible every day. Then he presents to them a painting of "Head of Christ" by Sallman. The church uses so many of these large pictures that they buy them by the dozen. Before the evening has ended, a soloist sings "Lord, Bless This House."

"The young people have come to feel that the church owes them this kind of service," Miss Sherman says. "If they come to the church to be married but plan to make their home somewhere else, we have the dedication at the church before they leave."

Once when a young person outside the church was about to be married, one of the church young people said to Miss Sherman, "Mother, she doesn't know anything about life. I hope I can tell her as well as you told us."

Mr. and Mrs. both now appear with regularity on the membership rolls of the Timber Lake church, thanks to Miss Sherman's emphasis on the Christian home. So insistent is the missionary that

the entire family be Christian that sometimes the wife will wait to come into the church until her husband is ready or the husband will wait until his wife will join with him. Nor is the church membership nominal. The 125 members participate in Christian activities. When forty came to a "singspiration," thirty-two of them offered voluntary prayer. It was a "singspiration" that caused one Timber Laker to say, "I never knew you could have so much fun in church."

One Timber Lake couple boasted to everyone who would listen that they had not had anything to do with the church for years. The husband and wife had not even been inside a church building for forty years. They did not expect to go again ever. When they became ill, Miss Sherman went to visit them. It was plain that they did not want to see her, but she knew that she was needed, and so she returned from time to time. It took two years of this kind of friendship to soften their attitude toward the minister and the church.

Both the husband and wife were ill when they decided finally to become members of the church. "We cannot pledge money. We cannot come to church often," they said. One New Year's Eve they came to the annual membership party, each one aided by a walking stick. They were received as church members. They continued to boast to the welfare worker, the grocer, and others who would come to visit them. But now the boasting was different. It was for the church and for God.

On the farm it is not easy to remember when Sunday comes. One ranch family told Miss Sherman how they learned about Sunday.

Their son had gone to the rural mailbox one day to get the mail. Soon he returned to tell his mother that there was no mail, not even the daily paper.

"It was not until that moment that I realized the day was Sunday," the mother explained later. When Miss Sherman called at the

home, the mother said to her, "You are the only contact we have with the church. Our children have been brought up so that they do not even know Sunday from any other day of the week." When Sunday comes, this family now goes to the Timber Lake church instead of the mailbox.

"We're the only Humanns in Timber Lake," one of the church members said when I was introduced to her. Mrs. Humann and her husband grew up in the Dakotas; one day they moved to Timber Lake. "We drifted into the class that called themselves Christians and yet did nothing for Christ, not even attend church. We played golf or slept Sunday mornings. In business we had some difficult dealings with Christians that made my husband resent religion and everything it stood for," she said.

After their twins were born, the Humanns sent them to Sunday school, and sometimes Mrs. Humann went to worship services. Even if she did not go to church often, Mrs. Humann said she thought a minister "was almost like God. You had to place him on a pedestal."

"When we moved to Timber Lake," she said, "we had boxes and crates scattered around when Miss Sherman and Miss Schaffner came to call. They perched themselves on the boxes as if they had been in my home many times. They sent us flowers, something I had never received before in all my life." After that, Mrs. Humann decided that this missionary was not like other ministers at all. "She is just like my Aunt Carrie," she told me.

More comforts than the prairies offer were in the background of a beautiful girl who came to visit on a ranch near Timber Lake. She fell in love with an Indian boy, and they were married in the Timber Lake church. When their first child was born, Miss Sherman asked them to bring it to the church for dedication. The mother was willing, but the Indian youth said, "No." No was the answer when the second child was born, and again when there was

a third baby. But this time the father said, "We will come and be baptized and join the church, and then our children will be dedicated in our church."

Fire has contributed to the success of this missionary family at Timber Lake. One night before Easter the church was decorated for the festive Sunday, and then the doors were closed. The building was charred ruins the following morning. The Roman Catholic priest offered his church to Miss Sherman for the Easter worship services. A new meeting house was built, and a parsonage was purchased.

Jeanie and June are no strangers to midnight fires. They are expected at every fire, with steaming coffee. This is their mission to the town's volunteer firemen.

This missionary teaches the people to think and act for themselves. When the new meeting house was erected after the fire, there were differences of opinion about how to build it. The missionary did not take sides; she only insisted that they get the facts and then decide for themselves.

Timber Lake church people are proudest when they think of their young people who are away at college. Richard Olson and Betty Jane Coull are at Sioux Falls College. Each one has a \$2000 scholarship, the highest scholarship offered by the denomination to young people in six thousand churches. The Timber Lake church is the only church that ever had two young people win the top scholarship. Richard expects to be a minister and Betty Jane a missionary after graduation.

Twenty-five young people have gone to college from the Timber Lake church since Miss Sherman became the missionary there. One became a nurse who received the highest mark ever made in the state board examination.

A rancher who moved from his farm to the village told the meaning of the rural mission in these words: "We were not church

people. We were brought up in church but had drifted so far away that we hardly had any contact with Christians. I saw what Miss Sherman was trying to do for the young people of the community, and I knew that anyone who could do so much with the young people must be all right. And so we started going to church. There isn't anything I would ever refuse Miss Sherman."

ACROSS RURAL AMERICA

From Timber Lake I drove thousands of miles through rural America, for most of the area of our nation is rural. I remembered Frank and Cornelia Fields, back in seminary trying to decide between the country and the city as the locale of their life work.

If they had seen all I had seen, would they choose the country? If so, would their church be in the mountains? Or on the prairies? Or would it, perhaps, be one of the strong self-supporting churches I passed in many rich agricultural communities? Or would they serve people who grew up on farms but were now working in factories while still living in rural areas? Or, possibly, might they devote their lives to serving some of the millions of migratory workers who, often homeless themselves, harvest the food that families in more favored circumstances enjoy?

If Frank and Cornelia choose the rural parish, one thing is sure. They will be serving where there are many children and young people! They will have an opportunity to influence the lives of many who will be moving into the large cities to find work. If they help bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to children in rural America, they will be doing more than building strong Christian rural communities. They will be sending a stream of Christians into our cities and ministers, church school teachers, deacons, and other leaders into city churches. They will be helping to train the Christian leadership Mission Field: U.S.A. needs at countless points of tension.

TOGETHER AND EQUAL

She voice of my hostess was calm as she said, "I'm frightened! We're afraid!"

The woman who admitted her fear was white. She sat in the parlor of a Negro school as we discussed the end of segregation of Negro and white pupils in public schools. She was not wrought up. She did not appear to be one who frightens easily. She lives in a peaceful community. She is well educated, and she has a position in the community that is respected.

On the streets of her town, there is nothing apparent that would frighten anyone. Yet she said that she and other white people of her community were afraid. She is among the leaders who had wanted Negro and white students to be integrated in public schools. She had rejoiced when the United States Supreme Court declared that "separate but equal" schools for Negroes were not legal. Then why was she frightened?

"Are you frightened because you are afraid that Negroes will overwhelm the white people?" I asked.

She did not know. She did not really expect physical violence. But there are more Negroes than whites in her area. If Negro and white students are to be together in the same schools, the white students will be outnumbered. What will that be like? What will it do to educational standards? Will it cause diseases to spread from the Negro community into the white community?

Informed people could say that this woman did not need to be

afraid. Maybe her fears are not well founded. Negroes have lived in the South since 1619, outnumbered by the whites. They have cooked for and nursed white people for centuries. Why should white people fear that disease will spread because their children and Negro children attend the same school?

Maybe she did not have her facts straight. One fact she did have straight, however. When she said "We're afraid," she spoke for a multitude of white people in that "we."

Fear cannot easily be defined. That is why it is terrible. Fear of the unknown is the worst kind of fear. "Whom we do not know, we fear," someone has said. But, again, the white people of the South have lived near Negroes for generations. They have known each other well; many white people have deep affection for Negroes they have known as servants, even as friends. But in one sense they do not know the Negro people at all because they have never known them as unsegregated equals, moving freely in the community and sharing all the privileges white people have known. They do not know what it will be like to have Negroes as their equals in the stores, in restaurants, on trains, in schools, and in churches. This is an unknown. And so some are frightened.

"Whom we do not know, we fear." But there is more to that quotation: "Whom we fear, we hate; whom we hate, we kill."

Arguments and criticisms do not drive fear out of people. When a child is afraid of a dark room, there is no argument nor scolding that will drive out his fear. But if someone whom he trusts walks into the dark room with him, then he is not afraid. When he learns by experience with someone he trusts that no goblin lives in the dark room, then he will go there alone.

How will Negro and white people gain the experience of going into the "goblin-infested" room of togetherness and equality? Whom will they trust to lead them?

North and South, East and West, this kind of leader is needed. I

went to the South to see if I could find leaders who are helping to build for the day when all Americans will experience what it means to be together and equal.

A NEW ERA

One era ended and another began when the following news was broadcast over the world:

Washington, D. C., May 17, 1954—The United States Supreme Court today answered the question, "Does segregation of children in public schools solely because of race, even though the physical facilities and other 'tangible' factors may be equal, deprive the children of the minority group of equal education opportunities?" The Chief Justice, speaking for a unanimous court, answered the question by saying, "We believe that it does."

After the January 1, 1863, Emancipation Proclamation of President Abraham Lincoln, May 17, 1954, became the next important date to the Negroes of America.

I discussed that memorable day with the superintendent of public schools in Beaufort County, South Carolina, where more than half of the people are Negroes. This superintendent is a member of the board of managers of a church school for Negroes. We talked far beyond the midnight hour as he told of his efforts to do what he regarded to be right for the education of children of both races. He said that he sat alone in his office during the noon hour of May 17, 1954. His radio was turned on. The news broadcaster announced the Supreme Court decision. As he heard it, he realized its importance. He surmised that most of his teachers had not heard it. He knew that they would be troubled when they did hear it. Immediately he telephoned each school and asked the teachers to meet after the close of school.

The teachers waited, wondering what urgent matter would cause their superintendent to summon them. When he arrived, he announced the decision of the Supreme Court. They all knew that it was a decision against "separate but equal" schools for Negro pupils. The superintendent told the teachers that the two races would not be brought together immediately into the same schools. The Court would define at a later date the method by which desegregation would be worked out. He asked the teachers to be calm. He knew that some citizens would not be. He asked them to talk little about it. He knew that some might talk and regret later what they had said.

The librarian of the largest white school in the county told me later how she felt when she heard the news that her school superintendent gave the teachers that day about desegregation of the schools, "I went from the meeting to the library. All the pupils had gone home. I locked the door. The halls were empty. A feeling of exaltation came over me. I walked down the corridor singing 'Glory, glory hallelujah! His truth is marching on.'"

When the Supreme Court delivered its decision, that exalted feeling did not come to everyone. Some knew in their hearts that God's truth was marching on, but they were not yet ready to fall in step. Some were violently opposed to all the decision stood for.

At the home of a Negro member of the Board of Education, I heard more about the deep emotions that separate people from one another. That man is the first Negro to serve on the Board of Education in his county. He is accepted and trusted by white members of the Board. In his home I met the principal of a Negro school that is housed in a "separate but equal" modern educational plant, spreading over acres of land that once raised cotton. The principal is a college graduate and an able school administrator. Together we talked about schools and how white and Negro people get along together, and we talked about our families.

"I have a little boy," the principal said. "Across the road from us lives a white family that has two boys, one the age of mine, the other a little younger. When they first moved there, my boy waved across the road to their boys, and soon they were acquainted with one another and played together. When they were old enough to go to school, my boy went to the Negro school and the older white boy went to a white school. Soon he quit playing with my boy. His little brother continued to come across the road to play. Then the smaller boy also started to the white school. My boy would wave at him and ask him to come over to play, but now my son is ignored by both white boys."

When the Negro educator's boy asked, "Daddy, why don't they wave back when I wave at them?" his father had to answer, "Someone has been teaching them something that they should not teach. You just keep waving at them even if they will not wave back at you."

"I don't know what to do about this," the Negro father said. "I do not like to see it hurt my boy."

"It will hurt your boy," I was compelled to admit. "But it is hurting the white boys even more. It is doing something to their character, and it is hurting them deeply."

In this instance "separate but equal" schools had brought separation between playmates, but in no way had it produced a sense of equality among them!

MATHER SCHOOL

My hostess and guide at the Mather School for Negro girls at Beaufort, South Carolina, was Miss Eleanor Anderson, the principal. This is one of the many schools founded by home missionaries during the years following the Civil War. Some of these schools are well-known colleges today—Fisk, Howard, Tougaloo, Talladega, Til-

lotson, Tuskegee, Bishop, and Lemoyne, to name just a few of them. Others which I visited will be mentioned later.

Mather is still a high school, only recently adding junior college courses. The students invited me to share with them in their monthly birthday dinner that night. After it was over, I asked Miss Anderson about the report of a visitor who once inquired of her, "Do you take only pretty girls at Mather?"

"No, we take girls who qualify for admission!" Miss Anderson had said. "But," she now added, "when they sing in our choir their sparkling eyes, their pretty smiles, their attractive hairdos, and their good taste in dress make me wish that more people had the opportunity to go to Mather."

Mather girls are pretty! Every girl learns that a little time spent to make herself attractive will give her more confidence and self-respect! The women who founded Mather in 1867 knew that one of the first steps toward helping the Negro girl to take her place in a white-dominated country was to lift her up in her own eyes. That is why the home economics teacher shows girls in her class how to dress in clothing that fits properly and that combines the right colors. In the beauty culture class, the girls learn how to style their hair to the best advantage. With this kind of beginning, the girls are then ready to learn how to manage their grooming and how to make a career as beauty operators—one of the careers open to Negro girls.

The first Mather girls came from homes of Negroes who were struggling to make a living on ten-acre patches of land that had been carved out of plantations on the Sea Islands off South Carolina. These islands were settled first in 1520 by Spaniards who remained only a short time. Later came French Huguenots. They named one of the islands Port Royal, and on this island is Beaufort. Here old mansions with fancy grill work reveal the earlier French influence on the city. Behind some of these houses the old slave pen

remains, a reminder of pre-Civil War days. Parris Island nearby has become famous as a base for the United States Marine Corps.

Once the plantations in this part of the state grew rice and the famous Sea Island long-staple cotton that commanded the highest prices in the world's markets. Boll weevil destroyed the cotton. Civil war destroyed the plantations. Ex-slaves then tried to make a living by farming little plots of land, but they were not prepared for independent farming. They survived because fish abounded in the ocean. Today shrimp boats carrying into the Sea Island ports three million dollars worth of shrimp every year make fishing an important industry on these islands.

For many years Mather was the only school for Negro girls of the area. It not only taught them how to look better and thus gain self-respect as well as the respect of those whom they met; it also introduced them to faith in God, which gave them inward beauty. It also gave them hope that someday the walls that separate Negroes and whites in America would vanish. That hope carried Mather through at least one dramatic day.

White people outside the school had required that the Negro teachers and white teachers could not eat together in the same dining room at the school. One Thanksgiving Day one turkey was roasted for the teachers. In order to eat one turkey in two dining rooms, some pieces were carved from it and given to the Negro teachers on a platter. The remainder of the turkey was carried to the other dining room, where the white teachers tried to enjoy it. The ridiculous situation troubled the consciences of the teachers. The principal, a white woman, was particularly concerned. She rose from her chair at the table, pounded on the wall that separated Negro and white teachers, and declared, "This wall must come down." It came down the following day. Thus Mather School had the first dining room in Beaufort where Negro and white people ate together.

Home mission schools in the South have been first to batter down many walls that have traditionally separated people. They are still discovering such walls and pounding them down.

Public high schools are now open to Negro girls near Beaufort, but girls come to Mather from many other parts of the United States. They come because the school offers more than a good education; it offers Christian training that tax-supported schools do not give.

Mather teaches the community that Negroes are making a contribution to the cultural life of America by bringing to the city celebrated Negroes like Carol Bryce, a Negro concert artist. When she came, Negro and white people were both welcomed at the concert on an unsegregated basis.

BOGGS ACADEMY

I wanted to see another Negro high school, and so I drove from the live oaks and the gray moss of Mather campus to a crossroads near Keysville, Georgia. "Boggs Academy" were the only words on a small sign that pointed down a road of red dirt. The road crossed the swamps, and then it passed by the side of cotton fields where brown stalks stood barren except for thin strands of cotton from last season. Pigs rooted in the fields. Most of the people in the shacks along the road were farmers who rented the land or worked as sharecroppers. Children in front of the shacks played with an ax or some other farm tool. They had no wagons or bikes. When these children become old enough to go to school, they will have to take time out in the early summer to chop cotton, returning to the schoolroom for the sticky hot summer months. Again in the fall, they will leave school to pick cotton.

"Boggs Academy" said a sign at each road intersection. At the T where one must go either left or right, a sign again marked the

proper turn. I passed two or three more shacks, then I saw the water tower, and then soon came a one-room church building and the campus of Boggs Academy.

Without knowing it, I had come to a place where social customs are changed without sounding trumpets and revolutions are created without gunfire or mob action! By quietly going about their school-work, a community of Christian Negroes are changing the way of life for people who never expected any changes at all!

For example, I met Mr. Charles W. Francis, assistant principal, who came back to his old campus to teach after he ended his term of service in the United States Army. He told me that, as a member of the school staff, he often drew the assignment to go to the neighboring town on business for the school. There the white people patronized him in the customary way by calling him "boy." "What do you want, boy?" they would ask. Those who knew that he was a minister would ask, "What do you want, preacher?" He did not protest in words or actions. He and the other Boggs Academy people simply went about their work as persons in the community. Now he says that when he goes to town he is no longer "boy" or "preacher"; he is "Mr. Francis."

I was turned over to a young teacher of agriculture. His quiet and businesslike manner did not prepare me for the revolutionary plans he had made on the eighteen-hundred-acre school farm. Like the agricultural expert that he is, he talked about growing food for the school dining room and about institutes for farmers in the community in which the school teaches better farming methods. But all the time he was driving deeper into the wooded area of the farm.

The farm trail led us to a new dam across a small stream. We stopped the car and stood on the embankment to survey an area that would be a large lake when springtime came. It was like standing with a prophet as he swept his arm over the area and told how

it was to be used. This plot was to become the first and only interracial conference ground in that part of the state. Here Negro and white people could meet together to study, worship, and play. They could swim and go fishing in the same lake. This man, son of an uneducated sharecropper, was bringing about a new experience of Negro-white relationships as calmly and methodically as he would plan for the planting of cotton next springtime.

Only twenty-nine out of every one hundred persons are white in the county where Boggs is located. It is in areas where Negroes are in the greatest majority that white people are most fearful of bringing white and Negro people together on an equal basis. Boggs Academy has shown the community that this can be done, not only without disaster, but with mutual benefit. The community sees white men and women who arrive by train being met by Negro teachers of the school. They see white students come to work camps during the summer. The Westminster Fellowship at the school draws no racial lines. Its members go to interracial meetings and come back to tell of their experiences. The school invites white people as well as Negro people to some of its public meetings. When they come to the school, the white people see the Negro students taking advantage of every opportunity to learn how to be useful Christian citizens. In the community they see farmers growing better crops because the school has taught them how to do it.

Negro schools are helping greatly to change the patterns of Negro-white relationships. Boggs and Mather taught me that. But these are high schools. To see the colleges I went to Atlanta.

ATLANTA, A CENTER OF CULTURE

"Prepare to meet thy God," "Ye must be born again," and other similar religious warnings were on signs all along the highway between Keysville and Atlanta. A man in Atlanta told me that some-

one had bequeathed money in his will to pay for the painting of such signs. They seem appropriate in a time when efforts are being made to bring white and Negro students together in the same schools, especially the one about being born again. As I drove by one sign after the other, I listened to the excited speaker whose voice came over the radio in my car: "Only the Southern people love the Negro . . . Negroes want their own schools . . . they don't want to be in schools with white people."

The speaker scorned the Chief Justice of the United States as a "psychiatrist" misguided in his efforts to help the Negro. Yes, it was most appropriate to have signs along the way that said, "Ye must be born again." Anything less radical was not enough.

In Atlanta, as in other Southern cities, it was apparent that the excited voice on the radio belonged to a false prophet whose cries in the wilderness largely went unheeded. Atlanta is a center of culture. It is the home of many colleges and universities. It is a center of Negro education. The Atlanta University Center includes six of the finest Negro schools of the South. Atlanta University, Morehouse, Morris Brown, Spelman, Clark, and Gammon Theological Seminary all have high academic standards. The home missionaries who founded these schools after the Civil War wanted to bring the spiritual emancipation of Christ to a people recently released from physical bondage. The schools they started now have a world-wide influence, for their graduates serve in places of responsibility all over the earth.

The Negro colleges in Atlanta have never been entirely segregated. White teachers have always been on the faculties. Even today when qualified Negro teachers may be found for every staff position, white teachers are employed along with Negro teachers. White students have applied for admission. Some of the Negro colleges cannot accept white students because their charters say that the schools are for Negroes. These charters were written by

founders of the school who had no thought of enforcing segregation. They simply stated in their charter that their purpose was to educate Negroes. The colleges that have this restriction are now taking steps to change their charters so they can admit white students. The charters of some of the Atlanta schools have already been changed.

Georgia laws also impose a restriction that prevents white students from attending schools for Negroes. The laws state that private schools will become subject to taxation if both Negro and white students are admitted. Attempts are being made to repeal that law.

The first Negro to be elected to the Board of Education of Atlanta in modern times is Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta University, a graduate school. More white than Negro voters cast their ballots for Dr. Clement. The white candidate who was defeated by Dr. Clement said later that he did not campaign in the election because he thought the citizens of Atlanta were not yet ready to vote for a Negro for this important public office. Dr. Clement's leadership is one contribution of the Negro schools of Atlanta to the entire community. When I went to his office to see him, however, it was not to talk about the public schools. Rather, I wanted to know how the decision of the Supreme Court to desegregate public schools had affected the attitude of people toward Atlanta University.

"Have local white people withdrawn any financial support from the University?" I asked. Dr. Clement said that support of the school had not been affected at all.

"Then how about the graduates of the school?" I asked. "Are they able to get jobs when they graduate?" He said that there are not enough graduates for the jobs that are offered. Negro students come to Atlanta from Northern states as well as Southern states because they want both the high quality of education the school offers and also the better chance for a job that graduates of Atlanta

have. He explained that a Negro school has contacts with schools, public welfare agencies, and industries that employ Negro college graduates while white schools do not have these contacts.

"We are ready for desegregation," Dr. Clement said. "Interracial relationships are normal here. They are not strained. They are neither special nor exceptional. They are accepted." He pointed to an interracial faculty and to interracial conferences on the campus—two factors that help the Negro students enter into normal relationships with white people.

Clark College is just across the street from Atlanta University. Here again the interracial conference is one of the means whereby the school breaks down the walls between races. Dean A. A. McPheters told of a student who went to an interracial student meeting in Kansas during the Christmas holidays. He returned to Clark to report his experiences to the students. "At first we were tense," he said. He told how there was uncertainty about how he would be received because he was a Negro. Then the conference began. "When we began to think of the purpose for which we gathered, we forgot our tensions," he said.

White people have the experience of meeting Negroes on an equal basis at Clark. Religious organizations from the campuses of white colleges are invited to the campus from time to time. White and Negro students worship together and have discussions. They become acquainted and begin to turn their thoughts away from differences of color, and together they see the life they have to share in Jesus Christ.

Just one block away is Spelman College, named for Laura Spelman Rockefeller. A white girl who moved to Atlanta recently applied for admission to Spelman, a school "for the training of young Negro women," so the charter reads. The white girl had been studying in another Southern college, but when she moved to Atlanta, she wanted to attend a good school near her home.

"You know that Spelman is a Negro school?" the registrar asked the white girl.

"But I have heard that it is a good school," she said. The registrar was disappointed when she had to say that a restriction in the charter and a state law prevented them from accepting this white girl as a student.

Foreign students also want to come to Spelman. Applications have come from Japan and Korea. Alumnae of Spelman are missionaries in India; they, too, want to send students to Spelman. That is why President Manley and the Board of Trustees are working to change the school charter and also the state law that prevent them from accepting any but Negro students.

A Christmas carol program that is offered to the public each year at Spelman has become widely known. People come as far as three hundred miles to hear this program in which students from Spelman, Morehouse, and Atlanta University participate. In August the school begins to receive telephone calls from people who want to know the date of the annual Christmas event. Sisters Chapel seats thirteen hundred people, and it is filled three nights in succession by people who want to hear the music.

"Do you have a section reserved for white people?" some white people ask Spelman teachers before they plan to come to the carol program. The school leaders always answer that question politely, but they always say something like this, "All of the seats in Sisters Chapel are good, and you may sit anywhere that you wish." Spelman offers the white people the unusual opportunity of meeting with Negroes on an unsegregated basis!

Newspapers of Atlanta announced that Robert Frost was to have two engagements in the city on the Sunday following my visit; one was to be at Spelman. Here the famous poet was to read his poetry, and white people were invited to attend. Once again it was the Negro school that brought the races together.

Spelman College faculty members do not think of themselves as leaders in a crusade for better race relations. "You do more for race relations in your everyday job than if you go out specifically to improve race relations," Mrs. Ernestine Erskine Brazael, alumnae secretary, said. She pointed to the graduates of Spelman who are making their contributions to the nation and the world, not because they are Negro, but because they are competent in their fields of work. One such graduate is Mattiwilda Dobbs who studied music at Spelman. After further study she became a concert singer. In Europe she was widely acclaimed. She returned to the United States and was presented in Town Hall in New York City. The *New York Times* printed a favorable review of her concert, and an Atlanta newspaper reprinted it. She is now a member of the San Francisco Opera Company.

Spelman graduates work in both Northern and Southern cities. They are teachers, librarians, social workers, designers of styles for women, musicians; they enter many other fields. One of them is Ann Moore, whose picture was printed in a Detroit newspaper. The news story with the picture said that she was the creator of original designs for women's clothing.

"People learn through competent service that the capability of a person is what counts, not race," Mrs. Brazael said.

Spelman, like the other Atlanta colleges for Negroes, is accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges.

Many students go from the six schools in the Atlanta University Center to do graduate study in such schools as Columbia University, Chicago University, Simmons College, New York University, the University of Pennsylvania, and Cornell University. One school official wrote back to Spelman to say, "Our committee on admissions has come to look with special favor upon any applicant from Spelman College. This is due in part to the good records of our students from your institution."

From another school a letter went to a student who had previously graduated from Spelman. The letter said, "The staff of the school asked me to write a letter of appreciation for the excellent quality of your oral examination. While we have no formal granting of honors, we thought you would be interested to know that in the rating of your oral examinations, all the scoring was in the column headed, 'Recommend with enthusiasm.'" The performance of the graduates in the other Atlanta University Center schools are equally commendable.

"What is the future for the Negro schools and colleges?" was the question on my mind when I had an opportunity to talk with Dr. Benjamin E. Mays, president of Atlanta's Morehouse College, a school named for a great home mission leader of a generation ago.

This was the way I put the question to Dr. Mays. "When Negroes are commonly accepted in all schools, will there be any need for Morehouse College?"

"Behind that question is the assumption that when segregation goes, all the Negro has built up will go with it," Dr. Mays said. He said this with deep feeling that showed his pride in the contribution Negroes have made, not only to their own race, but to all mankind, in the ninety-three years since their emancipation. Definitely he saw Morehouse College and other Negro colleges as one contribution the Negro has to make to the total field of education when Negroes freely enter "white" schools and white students freely enter schools that are now designated as "Negro."

Dr. Mays said that we should ask three questions of any institution: (1) Is it needed? (2) Is it first-rate? (3) Can you get support for it?

The present-day Negro schools will be needed in the future when all education is desegregated, he affirmed. He pointed to the fact that colleges and universities in America expect to double their enrollment by 1970. They now have 2,414,000 students; this number

will increase to about five million students by 1970. By that date, he said, neither white students nor Negro students will need segregated colleges. Colleges will be colleges without being labeled "white" or "Negro."

Georgia Negro colleges are first-rate, Dr. Mays said. They meet the same tests that are applied to Georgia Tech, the University of Georgia, Emory University, and other first-class colleges of the state.

Dr. Mays sees a possible problem in the future: "If a school is needed and it is first-rate but cannot get support because it was formerly for Negroes, then we have carried discrimination into a nonsegregated society."

Religion and character are the specialties of the church-related and private colleges and will continue to be the emphasis of these schools in the future. When the enrollment in colleges doubles, the Christian schools will still have freedom to do what tax-supported schools cannot do. The tax-supported schools will absorb most of the large increase in students because private and church-related colleges do not have money to expand their facilities. "Quality, freedom, and religion will be the specialties of private and church-related schools in the future," Dr. Mays asserted.

I asked Dr. Mays what he thought about white students exchanging with Negro students for a school year or a semester. I told him of a white family that had forbidden their son to leave his "white" school for a semester to attend a Negro school, while a Negro student came to take his place. The parents had prevented their son from making the exchange because they said the cultural background of the Negro school would be inferior to the "white" school.

"If by culture you mean that the students come from homes where the parents have college degrees, where they have money, and where they have books and magazines to read, then many Negro students are at a disadvantage," Dr. Mays said. "But if by cul-

ture you mean an environment capable of producing competent leaders in a free society, then the Negro school has as much to offer as any school."

"What future plans do you have for Morehouse College?" I asked Dr. Mays.

He turned to theological education. He pointed to the low number of Negroes who enter the ministry. Now that a Negro may enter many different fields of work, he does not so frequently choose the ministry. Because there are not enough trained pastors, poorly trained men enter this field and give poor leadership in too many instances. A study of Negro pastors in seventeen Southern counties showed that the average Negro minister has the equivalent of a ninth grade education. There should be at least 862 trained ministers graduating each year to become pastors of Negro churches. Less than one hundred are graduated from Negro schools today.

Dr. Mays said that the next big step that he wants to take at Morehouse is to establish a school that will help train ministers needed by the churches.

My time was gone. There were only a few minutes for a brief chat with the dean of Clark, and I regretted that I could not visit Morris Brown and Gammon Theological Seminary. The leaders of all three schools could have told many stories to match those I had heard.

Out on the campus as I moved away from Dr. May's office a sharp wind was blowing. I fell into step with a Negro student. He was no stranger to cold winds, for his home was in New Jersey. He said that he was majoring in physical education. He was in his senior year and expected to be graduated at the end of the term.

"What will you do after you graduate?" I asked.

He said that he expected to go to New York City to do graduate work either in New York University or Columbia University. After that he wanted to teach physical education.

Our conversation turned to race relations. "Do you have more difficulties in the South than you have in New Jersey?" I asked.

He answered by relating an experience he had had in New Jersey. He said that he was the first Negro to join a well-known swimming club in an amusement park only a few miles from my home. As a youth he had sold papers and shined shoes in the town where the park and swimming pool were located. He had seen Negroes go on the rides and go into the amusement houses, but he did not remember that he had ever seen a Negro swim in the much-advertised swimming pool. This came to his mind one day during a discussion of race relations among students at Morehouse College. The discussion leader had suggested that barriers that separate white and Negro people sometimes would fall more easily than they imagined they would. The leader suggested that each one of the students should try to break down those barriers. The New Jersey student decided to test the idea in the amusement park swimming club back in his home state. Maybe the barriers would fall!

With a fellow student from New York City, the New Jersey youth applied for admission to the swimming club. They were admitted to membership and were allowed to swim in the pool.

"Was there any resistance to your application for membership?" I asked.

"No outward resistance," he said. However he added, "But through the years I have learned to recognize unspoken resistance and inner tension that are not apparent to others." He had seen that kind of tension and resistance when he was admitted to the swimming club.

In the South, he said, he knew where to expect segregation and discrimination. He said that it hurt him more when he met discrimination in the North. There it was more subtle. It was not always outspoken. It came in hidden ways, through loopholes in the law or through the tension that one felt but cannot meet openly.

My New Jersey neighbor was sharing his experiences so freely that I thought he might answer another question. As I had walked about the streets of Atlanta, I had not seen Negroes moving in and out of stores as freely as I had seen them in New York City. "When you buy things, do you go to the big stores in the business center of the city?" I asked him.

He responded, "I would rather patronize my own people if I can get the same service." He said that he went to white-owned and -operated stores only if he had to, to buy something that he could not get elsewhere.

In the Atlanta Hungry Club I met the people who own the businesses that many Negroes patronize. The Hungry Club is a luncheon club that meets each week at a Negro Y.M.C.A. On my right sat a man eighty-five years old, who had been an agent for a large Negro life insurance company but had recently retired. On my left sat a young representative of another Negro life insurance company. Across from me sat a doctor. At the head table was the Atlanta lawyer for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored people. The room was filled with business and professional men and women of Atlanta.

"Where do your insurance companies invest their funds?" I asked the insurance representatives. They said that the money was being invested in mortgages, helping Negro families to own their homes. They are building motels, hotels, restaurants, and other places to serve Negroes.

Banks, savings and loan associations, stores, and other businesses flourish in an economic system that Negroes have built for themselves in the South.

The Hungry Club heard a talk by Dr. Guy Wells, director of the Georgia unit of the Southern Regional Council, an organization of farsighted white and Negro people who are working for better relations between the two races. He spoke of interracial conflicts as

a world problem. He said that good race relations make good business, good international relations, and good religion.

Statements the club members made after the talk showed keen insight into the subject. The Hungry Club members are thinking deeply about their relations with white people. One of the members of the club said, "Getting over racial prejudice is like learning to swim. If you once learn it, you learn it for good." The man who said that is director of the Southern Regional Council, Dr. George Mitchell. His idea of how to get Negro and white people together was expressed in these words: "When people of similar cultural and educational backgrounds belonging to different groups work together on a matter of common interest, racial prejudice is dissolved."

FROM GEORGIA TO NORTH CAROLINA

After leaving Atlanta I thought again about the home missionaries who had started the Negro schools. Could they have had any idea of the contribution these schools would be making in the middle of the twentieth century when Negroes were being emancipated from segregated public schools? The schools they founded are now giving to our country the Negro leaders whose cultural and educational equipment is equal to that which white people have. They are giving to the Negro and white people the common experiences that dissolve racial prejudice. These schools are important contributions of the mission agencies and Negro educators to the educational program of a nation that will yet deal racial discrimination the death blow it deserves. They are providing tools to use to overcome fear.

Yet mission schools are pioneering in ever-widening circles. Another chapter in human relationships is even now making a new way through another wilderness. From Georgia I went to North

Carolina to a college that unites students of different national as well as racial backgrounds.

WARREN WILSON JUNIOR COLLEGE

The dining room emptied quickly after the noonday meal. Down from the hilltop the college girls and boys moved briskly toward their classrooms. January days can be cold in the mountains of western North Carolina. Snow covered the hillside, except for the walks that had been shoveled clean. Some of the students were especially sensitive to the nip of the cold air—a boy from Cuba and three students from Colombia, down near the Equator. Sons and daughters of Finland, Greece, Hong Kong, Iran, Jordan, Korea, Lebanon, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Thailand, and Canada as well as the United States walked down the hill from the dining room. Students from the United States were both Negroes and whites.

I paused to watch this “united nations” of students on the Warren H. Wilson Junior College campus. One of them was coming toward me. He paused for a brief conversation as I greeted him. His name was one of those old American names that belongs to Appalachian Mountain history. He named the mountain town that is his home. As we talked, a Negro student was seen on the way to the classroom.

“Could you have a mixed group of students like this back in your home town?” I asked him.

“You couldn’t have dragged me here two years ago!” he answered.

“How do your parents like the idea of your going to a school where Negroes and ‘foreigners’ live and study together?” I asked him.

“They don’t mind it,” he replied.

He went on to his class, and I walked down to the administration building. What sort of school is this with its mixture of races

and nationalities on the edge of Asheville, North Carolina? This mixed student body required an explanation, and so I went to the office of Arthur M. Bannerman, president of the college, to talk it over with him.

The president's office was simple. On the floor, otherwise bare, was one rug—a Navaho Indian rug. I called attention to it. "We had a Navaho girl here last year," Dr. Bannerman said. Still another racial group had found this unique school to be a place of opportunity!

Only one college in America has a higher percentage of foreign students than Warren Wilson, Dr. Bannerman said. Forty-four of the students come from thirteen foreign countries, while 159 are from seventeen states and the District of Columbia. On a short tour of the campus, we looked into a botany class room and saw faces of almost as many racial types as one would find in the United Nations Assembly.

"A mission school can 'stick its neck out,'" Dr. Bannerman said. He pointed out that tax-supported schools do not have the same freedom. The mission school can admit Negroes on an equal basis with white students even when tax-supported schools are not free to do so, he said.

The varied student body is a part of the new life at Warren Wilson College. "Asheville Farm School for Boys" was the name given to the school when it was founded sixty years ago for mountain boys. At that time there was a school for girls, too, "Dorland-Bell School." When highways were built into the mountains, school busses came to take children from mountain homes to public schools. Mission high schools were no longer needed in many places. Many of them closed their doors.

The Asheville Farm School for Boys was too good to abandon! It had eight hundred acres of land and a campus with substantial dormitory and classroom buildings. Farsighted mission leaders made

some important decisions. They first united the school for girls, Dorland-Bell, with the Farm School and chose a new name in honor of a home missionary pioneer, Warren Wilson. They made the school into a junior college. The one sentence that described the purpose of the Farm School did not have to be changed when Warren Wilson College was created: "Maintained for worthy young people of limited financial resources who cannot afford to attend more expensive schools and colleges."

All of this seemed transformation enough! But World War II was already upon the world. Educators from foreign mission fields were in the United States and could not return. Some of them became teachers at Warren Wilson. Thus began an international faculty.

Soldiers came back from the war to enter the college. They brought news of friends they had made in other parts of the world who wanted to get an education. Faculty members returned to their overseas missions and then sent back letters asking if some of their most able Christian young people could come to the United States to study at Warren Wilson.

There was some sober thought given to all of this by Dr. Bannerman and other missionary thinkers. Their reasoning followed this course: "Church institutions can no longer serve exclusively a particular regional, cultural, or racial group if they are truly to promote a world-wide Christian community. To be Christian in its mission, the school must become an arm of the world mission of the church. It cannot remain simply a local national missions project."

The coming of foreign students did not greatly disturb the neighbors of the school. When it was discovered that the foreigners were interesting speakers, they were in popular demand to speak to church organizations and other groups.

When foreign students were invited to Warren Wilson, so many

responded that forty-four are now in the student body. The unanswered question, Dr. Bannerman said, is how many foreign students can be assimilated in a year. He does not know the answer to that question, but he has faith that students of many nationalities and races can live together on the same campus because "the Christian faith is the common ground on which we stand."

The real test came when the faculty and the mission board decided to open the school to Negro students. Public schools were segregated by race in North Carolina. Negro and white students attending the same school, studying in the same classrooms, eating in the same dining hall, living in the same dormitories, and taking part in the same social and athletic activities would differ radically from the usual pattern.

"We went to the boys' dormitory and let the boys vote on it before we invited Negro students to register," President Bannerman said. "They were almost unanimous, voting in favor of admitting the Negroes."

"How many Negro students have you had?" I asked.

"There are four here now," he replied. "One fear that white people often have is that there will be a deluge of applicants from Negro students if the bars are let down. As a matter of fact, there have been few applicants. The Negro colleges go after the top Negro students from the high schools, and they get most of them."

More Negroes will probably join the student body in years to come. The day will come when Negro students will be admitted to any school. "When that day comes, then the mission college must find another reason for its being. But then there will be some new area of tension, and the mission school must meet that."

Interracial groups have been meeting on the spacious campus of Warren Wilson for many years. That made it somewhat easier for the students and the community to adjust to a daily mixture of racial groups on the campus. There are not many places in the area

where both Negro and white conferences may meet. "We could have taken hundreds of nonsegregated conferences if there had been room for them here," Dr. Bannerman said.

"But what about the people who live near the campus?" I asked. "What do they think about having Negroes in the student body? Do they like to see Negro and white students attend the same school?"

A few of them do not like it. When they see Negro and white students get off the bus at the stop on the highway and walk toward the school together, they are unhappy. But Dr. Bannerman believes that minorities of this kind are not sanforized! They shrink when they get into the water of experience. Warren Wilson is giving them experience. Leaders of the school want to keep the confidence of the people among whom they work in the mountains of western North Carolina. They did not "stick their necks out" without taking steps to win the confidence of these people.

The president of the school visited the editor of the local newspaper before the first interracial conference met on the campus. They talked over the purpose of the conference. The president also visited other leaders in the community. The community knew in advance that Negroes would be coming among them. They knew that the motives of the school and the conference leaders were Christian. As a result, they were sympathetic. Interracial conferences taught the community that Negro and white people could meet together as equals. When Negroes registered as students for the year at Warren Wilson, the service clubs of Asheville, for example, included the Negroes when they invited students from the college to be guests at their luncheon meetings.

One day a contributor of large gifts to the school came to see President Bannerman. After he was comfortably seated by the office desk, he asked, "Do you have Negro students here?"

"Yes. What do you think of it?" Dr. Bannerman asked. He was

not sure what the contributor would think. Maybe he would withdraw his generous gifts!

"I think it's fine!" the wealthy contributor said. He explained that he had been told about a Negro student who needed scholarship aid and he wanted to help him. But first he wanted to be sure that the student was there and really needed the help.

"Are your athletic teams able to play other schools?" I asked. Overseas and Negro students playing with white students might be a combination that some schools would not accept.

Asians on the team did not make any difference, I learned. The soccer team composed of boys of eleven different nationalities, played other teams without difficulty. But when Negroes were included on teams, some white teams refused to play with them.

One day a prominent white church in Asheville invited the students of Warren Wilson to worship with them on the following Sunday. So normal was life with Negroes on the campus that the school president accepted the invitation without thinking to ask if Negro students would be welcome as worshipers. It was not until the time came to start to church on Sunday morning, with students ready to get into the cars of faculty members, that one teacher asked the president, "Will the Negro girl be welcomed at church today?"

"Ask her to ride to church in my car, and we will decide what to do as we drive," Dr. Bannerman replied.

On the way to church Dr. Bannerman spoke to the girls in the car. "We have a problem today," he said. "A Negro may not be accepted in the church." The girls talked over the problem, but they still did not know the answer when the car stopped in front of the imposing meeting house. The girls remained in the car. A prominent layman was nearby. Dr. Bannerman asked him to come to the side of the car. "We have a problem," he said. "One of the students with me is a Negro. Will she be welcome in your church?"

It was all right with him, the layman said. But he was not a church officer. He offered to ask the officers. He went into the church building and after some minutes returned to the waiting students and Dr. Bannerman. He reported that he had talked with every member of the official board that he could find, and each one had said that the girl was welcome. As the group entered the church, they were greeted first by one of the church officials and welcomed later by others. Thus, one local church had its first experience of welcoming a Negro to worship on Sunday morning.

The school "sticks its neck out" with the students, too. Two hundred students on the spacious campus and farm have ample room to do more than read books in the library. A short walk from the administration building brought me to the building that houses the heating plant and a laundry. Two students were shoveling coal into the furnace room. One of them was from Cuba.

"Does a student do this kind of work in your country?" I asked. I had heard that Cuba was one of many countries where a scholar is expected to keep his hands clean; physical work is considered to be beneath his dignity.

"They told me before I came that I would have to work. I told them that was all right." The day was freezing cold, but he wiped perspiration from his brow before he heaved the next shovelful of coal.

Inside the laundry room girl students were washing and ironing clothing and bed linens. In the machine shop one youth was testing the farm tractor after some repairs; another was welding a broken machine part. Others worked in the pig pens and the cow barns. Some of the students work through the summer to help pay expenses, for one third of the students are not able to pay anything toward the cost of their education. They work to pay for their board and room and tuition. All students work one half of the time.

"It is a cooperative program," the school leaders say. "There are

no wages, no hourly rates of pay. The college asks no student to do work that is not vital to the life of the college community. The job must be done. If the student does the best he can, the college assumes he has met his obligation to the community. The student is graded every six weeks in the effort applied and in the quality and quantity of work done, just as in his studies." The director of the school work has equal standing with teachers of English, science, history, and other courses. Work is a part of the curriculum at Warren Wilson.

John Ramsey, director of the agricultural program and teacher of agriculture, sat at a desk typing the record of the milk production of his dairy herd. He proudly held up a sheet of paper that showed one cow to be one of the best producers of milk in North Carolina. "Twenty-eight thousand pounds of milk were produced by her last year. We think she may take first place in the state this year," he said proudly.

Students from Jordan, Lebanon, and Mexico care for the Holstein herd. Others feed the pigs. Mr. Ramsay said that caring for pigs was considered degrading by some students, but they all learn to do it at the school farm. When one father of an overseas student learned that his son was working on the farm, he wrote him to say that he had sent him to the United States to study, not to work! The son replied that he was studying and working, too, and that he liked to work.

"We do not just supervise the work," Mr. Ramsay said. "The faculty works, too. When students see the teachers work, that lifts the status of physical labor. In their home countries teachers do not work. Teachers are aloof from the students. In work on the campus at Warren Wilson, students have come to have a sense of fellowship with their teachers."

If these students carry respect for work back to their home countries, they may be able to give work a new dignity among their fel-

low countrymen. Certainly they will learn more at Warren Wilson if they work. One student is a high school teacher from Korea. His field of study is agriculture. As I visited with him after the botany class was dismissed, I learned his interest in developing good dairy herds in Korea. He was learning in the classroom, but he was also learning in the school dairy.

"How are the students able to keep up their studies and yet work one half of the time?" I asked Dr. Bannerman.

"It keeps them busy, but they do it," he said. "They do not have time for mischief."

While students from other countries are learning the dignity of work, they are teaching something to the students whose homes are in the United States. One of these lessons is cooperation among students of varied national backgrounds.

"How well do the students cooperate?" I asked Dr. Klein, head of the department of Sociology. He answered by referring to the soccer team. Players from different countries know the game in their own land, and they have different methods of playing.

"Sometimes I hear the players say, 'We must cooperate more,' as they realize that they are not playing well," he said. "Soccer helps the students feel that they are all on the same team."

Young people from isolated mountain homes learn about international relations from their fellow students. One evening a student from Finland, on the western border of the Soviet Union, and a student from Korea, on the eastern side of the Soviet Union, joined with others to discuss Communist Russia. The discussion was a lesson in the human side of international relations.

"Integration here is more complete than in any ordinary community," one of the faculty said. "Here the two hundred students all have the same home." For two years students from seventeen different countries live and work together on the same campus. They build a community for themselves. They learn the problems

of other races and nationalities. They apply the teachings of Jesus Christ to the building of friendships so that color of skin or the sound of a foreign tongue are forgotten.

John Ramsay said that he wanted to be a foreign missionary before he came to Warren Wilson College. A wise friend suggested that he should first get some experience as a home missionary. Without leaving the South, he found his mission field.

"What are you going to do when you graduate?" I asked the students who sat at the table with me in the dining room. Two girls said that they expected to become teachers. A young man from Pennsylvania said that he was planning to continue his studies so that he could become an agricultural missionary. Two students were not sure what the future had for them. The Korean student said that he would study further in New York City and then return to Korea to work as a minister. That group was a good cross section of the student body, according to W. Paschal Reeves, Jr., the teacher who sat at the head of the table.

The Owl and Spade, a quarterly publication of the college, is "dedicated to the dignity of manual labor and the quest for knowledge." One issue summarized the mission of the college when it discussed what Warren Wilson graduates do when they leave school. "The ways in which these men and women are contributing to society vary greatly, but all have in common a sense of obligation to serve their fellow men and a feeling of devotion to God."

GOING BACK HOME

In seventeen hundred miles of driving through the Carolinas and Georgia on my way back to New Jersey, I had time to think about a word that had been constantly in the background of my thinking though not often spoken. That word was equality. What does it mean? Do any of us know? We think we do until we begin

to talk about it. Then it is easy as long as we talk about *things*. When we get to *people*, it is different. What does equality mean when we are talking about people?

I decided equality among people is something like the situation in a race. Each runner has a different running ability. One will win because he is the fleetest runner or, perhaps, because he can keep his head and hold out longer. But all have an opportunity to run. All start on the same straight line. The runners do not mark out that line; it was laid for them before the race began. After the runner leaves the base line, it is up to him. Whether he wins or loses depends upon his own skill as a runner, *unless he is fouled*. Another runner may cause him to lose. But the man who commits the foul is penalized and rejected.

The starting line for the race through life is straight also, for God made it. The straight line is the right that God has given to everyone to be what he created him to be—a person. Everyone has this right. At that point we start as equals. In the race of life, not one but many may win. One wins only if he comes out at the finish as the kind of person God intended him to be.

There are some in the race of life who foul other runners. This kind of foul affects deeply the lives of the persons concerned. Every person has a right to respect as a person and, therefore, also the right to be loved, to share fellowship with other persons, to think, to believe, to have purposes and to act to achieve those purposes, to enjoy aspirations and beauty, and to stand in awe before his Maker. To become the person he could be, every child of God needs these rights. Without any one of them, he is less than the person he might be. A foul is committed by anyone who interferes with these rights.

In my travels I had seen interferences with runners in the race. There was that Sunday when I was a guest in the home of a Negro friend. He was a college professor with a Doctor of Philosophy de-

gree from one of America's most reputable schools. As host he asked me to name the church I wanted to attend. As a naïve guest I chose the big First Church. As we were about to enter the house of worship, he made the first remark that revealed to me his problem. "If I have to sit in the gallery to worship God here today," he said, "I am afraid I cannot worship him here." We were seated by the ushers on the main floor of the church. The people came in to fill the church. Even some of the seats in the choir loft were taken. Every pew was filled during the next half hour—every seat except the one by the side of my Negro host! *Foul!* After the worship service some of those who shook my hand refused to shake his. *Foul!*

My friend did not leave the church in bitterness, for he had met interference before. He was pleased to have been permitted to worship in First Church at all. He was probably the first Negro ever to have sat in that pew on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock!

On the following day a train was to take me to the next city. My Negro friend drove me to the station. When we reached the station, we could not enter by the same door. There was a separate door for Negroes. *Foul!* To avoid the embarrassment of entering by separate doors, I suggested that we part at the car door.

My Negro friend did not cry "Foul!" each time the white man interfered with his running. But he and I both knew that the Maker of the equal starting line also notes the fouls as the race is run.

I met many people as I traveled who were trying to prevent fouls in the race. I have described those whom I met in the schools. Others work in congested Negro settlements in cities, struggling to get better housing, to train leaders among Negroes who missed educational opportunities when they were younger, to build bridges of fellowship between races. Some are conducting institutes for Negro church leaders. Some are trying to bring about nonsegregated schools in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court that declared segregation illegal. Some are working to develop interracial

churches or to strengthen the work of a segregated church until the day comes when Christians can worship and work together without any discrimination because of race.

These are our leaders in Mission Field: U.S.A. They do not work alone. In mission centers and in local churches throughout the country, all who work for equal opportunity are their partners.

WHEN HOME IS A TRAILER

That house trailer with the picture window just ahead of me on the curve might not be going to vacationland at all, I began to think. I decided to stay behind it instead of passing on the next hilltop. When the driver turned in at the big gas station down the road, where there was room for his trailer and car, I followed and parked right behind him.

George Collins—I learned his name later—and his wife and two children went over to the soft drink dispenser. They all looked as if travel had worn them out.

I found out that he was traveling from South Carolina, where he had just finished a job on the Savannah River Project, helping Uncle Sam build a plant to make some of the stuff that is put in a hydrogen bomb.

Tennessee was his home state. The older child was born there. The younger boy was born while he was working at Savannah River.

George had heard there was a new government project up North. There is always good pay on those jobs—twelve hours a day, seven days a week. That overtime makes a big difference in the pay check. He hoped to get there before the jobs were all taken. He was sure there'd be some place to park the trailer. The older boy would have some school to attend.

Does he like this sort of life, going from one construction job to another? Well, yes and no. Good pay, though. Next project will be the last one. Been putting a little money aside. Going to sell the trailer after the next job, get steady work, buy a house, and settle

down. Then the boys will have a home, school, friends. This life's not for them. Not good for the wife either. She'd like to have a house. Wants a garden and some flowers, too.

George introduced his wife, Mabel, a tall, thin woman. She was bronzed from the sun, and around her eyes were the crow's-feet of care. The boys, one about six and the other not yet three, slid bashfully into the back seat of the sedan.

Mabel picked up the story. Yes, she did want to settle down for the sake of the children. This was no way to raise them. George said when he took the job at Savannah River that would be his last project. She believed what he said then, but somehow it just got into his blood. She knew that after the project up North he would go on to the next one. "He'll keep moving on to places where he can work twelve hours a day, seven days a week," she said. "But what's the use of all that money if you don't get any enjoyment out of it anyway?"

George and Mabel got into their car, with George behind the wheel. The motor started, and the trailer was eased out of the gasoline station. Soon it was on the highway, joining thousands of other Georges and Mabels and their children. Immense buildings to erect, with trailer camps to live in, determine a way of life for one part of the U.S.A., the part that keeps moving.

What effect has all this had upon the communities to which such workers come? A long-time Ohio resident and a trailer camp helped to give me answers to that question.

PIKE COUNTY, OHIO

"Our security is gone."

The comment of the stranger who sat across the table was not so strange when I considered that he lived in southeastern Ohio. "Are you near the place where the Government is building the atomic energy plant?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "our security is gone."

What could the stranger mean by this? I turned the idea over in my mind. The security he and many others had known was the solid character of a rural area with small towns and open country. Only slowly had it changed through the years. Noisy automobiles had replaced horses and carriages under the elms in front of the big white houses. Neon signs had gone up in front of the drugstore and the hardware store as well as the grocery. Hybrid corn had taken its place on the farms. One-room school houses had been closed as children began to take the yellow school busses to the consolidated school in town. Many of the one-room meeting houses still remained in use on Sundays. Some of the young people went away to college, but most of them got jobs in the city and seldom returned except for family reunions. Like many American communities, no enemy country had ever marked an "X" on the map to indicate that a bomb should be dropped here.

Now, with one announcement of the United States Government, all of this kind of security had been changed! The fatal "X" would go on the enemy map, showing that an atomic energy plant was now a target in the Scioto River Valley.

But there was another kind of security that had vanished, I realized as I thought more about it. Until now the occasional stranger who moved into the community was soon accepted by everyone and became a part of the community. What I had seen in other places told me that this time it would be different. So many strangers would come that the community could not digest them; instead the strangers might take over and change the community more than it changed them. Now householders would have to lock doors. Merchants would have to guard the goods on their counters to prevent them from being stolen. More policemen would have to go on duty in the towns. New highways would bring speeding cars, mangled bodies, and death! Yes, the solid citizens of Scioto Valley had reason to fear the coming of the new project.

The stranger across the table did not mention one event that he may not have noticed at all. The event was the arrival of the first trailer, only four days after the Government announced the project. This trailer belonged to the Home Missions Division of the National Council of Churches. With it had come a minister to direct plans for a ministry to the total life of the people who would arrive in the trailers that followed his.

I went to see James R. Noland, who was the director of this mission work, to learn about his work and the people he served. He had had only a short time in which to get ready. Civil engineers, bulldozer operators, concrete workers, electricians, machinists, plumbers, pipe fitters, carpenters, and many others came with their families. Rapidly they built trailer camps as they parked their thirty-seven-foot-long trailers in places that were formerly cow pastures and corn fields. The minister had come first because he had seen other projects where the church arrived too late. The tardy church never did catch up with the forces working against it. This time the minister was determined to be on the job at the beginning.

Nor was the minister to work alone. Twelve denominations joined forces with the Ohio Council of Churches to provide sixteen full-time missionaries plus summer student workers. Twelve trailers were turned into homes for missionaries or became centers of missionary work.

Seven hundred people lived in Piketon before the construction project started, Mr. Noland said. Seven thousand people made up the population within a short time after the project was started. Houses became scarce; rent was high. The government had 250 homes built and five hundred trailers moved to Piketon. A new four-lane highway brought Piketon closer to the rest of the world. Television sets, slick magazines, and the latest gadgets from the city came to Piketon. Money jingled in the pockets of the new people and of the older residents, too, for they went to work on the project.

Pike County already had churches. It had more churches than any county in Ohio on a per capita basis. There were twenty-two varieties of Baptists in the county; there were also many kinds of Presbyterians and Methodists. Many of the churches offered only the barest necessities of religion: a perfunctory Sunday school and preaching services. But Pike County people did not go to their churches. In all Ohio there was no county where only 12 per cent of the people belonged to church—except Pike County.

The strangers who came to Pike County to build the atomic energy plant actually brought more interest in organized religion with them than they found among the older residents. Eighty per cent of the newcomers were church people.

The missionary did not come to start more churches. His job was to find ways to minister to the people through the churches already there and also through community and trailer camp groups.

"But did the new people go to the older churches?" I asked him.

Some of the new people attended the old churches that they found in Pike County, Mr. Noland told me. Old buildings had to be remodeled, extra rooms had to be added for Sunday school classes, and new teachers had to be trained. Members who had held office for many years had to learn how to work with the newcomers. This was not always easy; sometimes they failed completely and feelings were hurt. That just added to the assignment of the missionary.

But many of the people who came to build the project let it be known by their absence that they did not intend to go to the older churches. They had not moved to the county to stay, and so they were not going to join any permanent institution, including the church. The big job of the missionaries was to take the church to the people.

"How does a missionary get started when there is so much to do?" I asked Mr. Noland.

"We start in the trailer camps where the people live," he said. Then he went on to tell how the missionary organizes the trailer community and initiates activities. He starts prayer meetings and worship services. For a meeting place trailers or renovated garages and barns are used. Community councils, women's clubs, play activities, and sometime an Alcoholics Anonymous group may be formed. These activities become an effective attack upon vandalism. When cheap carnivals, gambling, and prostitution start, the missionary moves in quickly with his organized forces and sends them on their way. That is a new experience for the carnivals and their followers because they usually grow rich among unsettled people who have fat pay envelopes.

Right into the plant and to the construction job, the missionary takes religion to the workers. He trains laymen who are workers on the project to use lunch times to gather men for Bible study and prayer. This is important because some of the men return to their homes far away from the Scioto Valley on week ends. Other men who live in the area do not attend church but can be reached at the place where they work.

"Do the new people help support the church and your work?" I asked, still wishing more information on this point.

"The majority of the people who live in trailers do not contribute to the permanent building of a community in any way," he said. "'We are not going to remain here. Why should we build up something and then go away and leave it?' are typical questions they ask," Mr. Noland explained.

The getting of money has become more significant to many workers than the giving of it. The idea is to work twelve hours a day for seven days a week, get all you can, and then move on, according to more workers than just George Collins.

Once when a hurricane destroyed electric power lines in the East, Mr. Noland recalled, many construction workers from Scioto Val-

ley had rushed to the disaster area to get work that would be on the "7-12" basis. When construction work slowed down to a normal week at the Scioto Valley plant, one man went to Michigan to find "7-12" work. He left his wife and five children in a trailer in Scioto Valley. When baby number six arrived, he came back for only one day to take care of necessary arrangements for his wife. Then he went back to the business of making money, seven days a week, twelve hours a day. Fortunately for the mother and the six children, a missionary stepped in to help the family.

Even though the people in the trailer camps do not give money to build anything permanent, they are often generous with their time and labor to remodel a barn or a garage to be used as a recreation center. They also look upon the missionary as a friend because he is with them all the time. When the first murder was committed in the trailer camps, the relatives went to the missionary for help before they turned to anyone else.

When summer came, young people were asked to volunteer for work with children in the trailer camps. From Mr. Noland I got the names of Dorothy Estabrook, Betty Jane Piltz, Elizabeth Casey, Joy Alderman, and Loretta Ems, all of whom are preparing to be missionaries. They had volunteered, along with others, to help through the summer. I turned to them to learn what their experiences had been in the camps.

They told of their visits to trailers. They soon discovered, they said, that "birds of a feather flock together." Each trailer camp had its own character; people who wanted neat and orderly trailer communities lived in one group, while those who wanted less discipline lived in other camps. If a family discovered that they were in a camp of people that they did not like, they simply moved to another camp. They might also make the move in order to be near a better school for their children.

The girls found one trailer family that had lived in many states,

following construction projects to find work. They had "sampled" many varieties of religion, but they did not practice any of them! In another trailer they found a girl who was expecting to enter a convent and become a nun. In the third trailer they found a church-going family. The members of the family belonged to one of the larger denominations, but they always attended services whether or not they could find a church of their own denomination. The girls felt that this was typical of trailer people. Most of them are not closely tied to any denominational loyalty. In the fourth trailer the girls discovered a family that had sent two sons through college.

From camp to camp the girls conducted vacation church schools. They said that the children behaved neither better nor worse than other children. They knew the Bible about as well as any group of children of similar age anywhere. One girl from a trailer knew every Bible story before they told it.

One of the volunteer workers had lived in a trailer camp when her father was a defense worker during World War II. She was impressed with the way churches were cooperating to bring the Christian faith to the people in Scioto Valley. She told me, "In this area, if the churches were not working together, they would not achieve very much. These people are a community to themselves and must be served as such."

"Everybody goes to vacation church school" is the trailer village rule, the girls said. They met in tents, under trees, in barns, and in government community houses, but all the children attend wherever the school is held. Before the summer ended, thirty-four vacation schools were held, with 220 the maximum enrollment in any one of them.

Mr. Noland and those who work with him know that the trailer people will one day leave Scioto Valley—better people, they hope, for the work they have done there. When they leave, there will be other places to go. Plants will be built in the mountain states of the

West to process uranium. Mining and processing of taconite have already brought trailer communities to northern Minnesota. Building the St. Lawrence River Seaway and hydroelectric projects will attract workers who live in trailers.

Because I had spent most of my life in older established churches in both rural and city communities, I wanted to know more about how such churches work with missionaries in trailer camps.

The older churches will have their biggest job after the people who live in trailers have moved on, when the construction is completed, Mr. Noland said. The permanent staff will come then to operate the plant. They will bring their families and establish homes in the community. Many of these people will hold graduate degrees from universities. They will find that some of the churches in the area have ministers whose training may never have included college. One church, Mr. Noland said, had gone along for thirty years without any pastor. It had a Sunday school with two classes. When the new people began to come into the community, the church secured a pastor who had an adequate education to do the work that would be required of him. Through his leadership the church is erecting a new building. New residents already outnumber older members.

Changes of the same kind will have to come in many churches, according to Mr. Noland. A Council of Churches is being formed in the area so that the churches can cooperate effectively with one another. A Council of Church Women is also being started. With the help of these interchurch groups, the churches are preparing to minister to the many new permanent residents.

DETROIT—CENTER OF INDUSTRY

For some families the trailer has become a permanent home that remains in a permanent location. I wanted to know more about the people who lock the wheels of their trailers and settle down in them,

plant shrubbery and flowers before their doors, and try to build a community. That was why I wanted to see Mary Murray, missionary in seventeen permanent trailer camps in the suburbs of Detroit.

I found Miss Murray living in a trailer home, with two trailer chapels that she moves from camp to camp, providing a church on wheels. She also has the Joy Road Chapel, a church in a permanent location for other trailer people.

Young people have grown up in trailer camps served by Miss Murray, and some of them attended church in one of her trailer chapels as they went through grade school and high school. Miss Murray assured me that such young people have the same warm feeling toward the trailer that others have toward the church where they went to Sunday school through their childhood and adolescence. Miss Murray said that when she spoke on a nationwide broadcast of "Faith in Action" alumni of Detroit trailer camps who live now in many parts of the country, wrote to say that her broadcast made them homesick for the trailer chapel.

After seeing close up our fellow Americans on wheels, I knew that the man who declared that his security was gone because the atomic energy plant and fifty thousand new people had come to his community spoke more profoundly than he realized. The fact that multitudes of families are constantly on the move in the United States today is threatening something that has been deep in American life. From our earliest times the goal of many families has been a pleasant, well-furnished home in a congenial neighborhood, with a good school and church nearby. Parents have sought for their children opportunities to make the kind of friends and to have in school and church the guidance that help to develop strong character. This is a process that takes years. A sense of inner security, it is agreed, comes from belonging to a family, living in an orderly home in a settled community, going to a school and church where one is respected and builds lasting friendships.

The mass movement of people in America threatens this sense of security. It takes people away from the permanent institutions in the community and sends them out to drift from place to place. Many children grow up without roots. This movement seems likely to continue, perhaps even to increase. All this makes the ministry of the church even more important because the church can give spiritual rootage. The Christian faith has grown out of the experience and leadership of people who were on the move! The wandering Israelites, the homeless prophets, Jesus who "had nowhere to lay his head," and Paul, the traveling missionary, have shown that one can have a secure attachment to God wherever he may be. Thus today the people who live in houses on wheels give the churches an opportunity to demonstrate the power of a faith that has served wandering people through the ages.

TIOGA—OIL BOOM TOWN

An oil discovery in northwestern North Dakota started a trek of America's nomads to that region. This time private industry was developing the region instead of the United States Government, as in Ohio. Because I wanted to see how the churches fare in an oil boom, I went to Tioga, North Dakota.

I arrived one evening at just the right time to find a restaurant and eat. I thought the restaurant with the sign "Bus Depot" might be cleaner than the others, and so I went inside. I was mistaken about the cleanliness part. However, the only thing to do was to turn my back to the litter on the floor and look at the stack of pies behind the counter.

"It's a hot day for this time of year," I commented to the waitress who offered me a menu. In a youth camp in North Dakota some years earlier, I had suffered from bitter cold on June nights, but today was an excessively warm June day.

"I don't know. I've just been here a month," the waitress replied. Her soft drawl told me that June was always hot where she had lived before coming to Tioga. The oil discovery had not only brought drillers to the North; it had also brought waitresses.

A man came in from the oil operations to eat his evening meal at the counter. He overheard the exchange of comments on the weather and then threw in his report. "I've been here four months. It's been cold," he said.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"Texas" was the inevitable reply.

"Many Texans here?" I asked naively.

"There are over two hundred of them at the gas refinery where I work," he said.

"Did they bring their families with them?" I wanted to know.

"Some did; some didn't," he said. Obviously he did not. If he had a family, he would be with them at the dinner hour.

"Is it hard to find a place to live in Tioga?" I asked, thinking that might be the reason why some had not brought their families.

"Yes, if you have a family," he said.

My own problem of where to sleep that night was in my mind. I had no definite plans. To test the situation I made a tentative statement: "I thought I might find a room here for the night, but I suppose I will have to go on to Minot." Minot was sixty miles east.

"You might get a room here. People come and go," the man from Texas suggested.

After dinner I walked up the street. Some old men sat by the corner store, keeping squatters' rights on a bench where they had staked their claim long before oil was discovered. At least this much was left of the village of four hundred that had been their home before the oil boom. Nearly everything else about the town had changed. Oil had been discovered in 1951, and that had brought one thousand more people into the little village.

"State Employment Service" was printed on a sign over a house trailer parked on a dusty street. Up on the hill was a Victorian age school house. By its side stood a functional school house with big windows to let in the sunlight. On one side were the old white bungalows that had withstood decades of North Dakota blizzards. Beyond them were rows of ranch type houses of the standardized style that the traveler sees in Columbus or Omaha or Cheyenne.

Outside the village I could see the pumps of the oil wells and storage tanks by the pumps. Each farm seemed to have at least one oil well to bring the wealth of the black underground lake to the surface.

I stopped at the drugstore because what a drugstore sells besides drugs is an index to any town. The kinds of magazines on the newsstands tell a lot. If the town is small and dead, the marble soda fountain, the prescription counter, and a few camera accessories, plus magazines for the homemakers, are the stock in trade. This store was characteristic of a boom town. It had slick magazines, appliances and gadgets for the new householders, goods piled too high on small counters that had not yet expanded in size as rapidly as the number of customers had increased, and customers moving in and out constantly. After buying a newspaper to give an excuse for being in the store at all, I asked the woman who took the nickel where the church was.

"One of the men who works here belongs to it. He can tell you," she said. She called to him.

While the man completed a sale, I ventured another question. "How do you like it here?" By now it seemed that everyone I met was a newcomer. She had moved to Tioga two years ago, she said. "It's all right, but it costs a lot to live here. Groceries are high."

"How about rent?" I asked.

"A four-room house, unfurnished, costs \$110," she said. She knew of a family that lived in a furnished basement apartment and

also paid \$110 monthly rent. "And so we bought a trailer to live in," she explained.

The man who belonged to the church had completed his sale and came to greet me. A boy gave him a dime for a comic book; a girl gave him a dime for a balloon. Before the next comic sale, I learned that the church had just lost its pastor and was looking for a new one. The man could not tell me much about the church, not if he was to keep up with the comic book business at the same time. Maybe the best way to learn more was to visit the church.

On the way to the new church, I drove by other churches. They were old churches that had been in Tioga since the town was young. The new church was evidence of one thing that happens many times when an old community is invaded by a large number of new people. The new people form their own social groups. Except for a small number of them, the new settlers do not enter the older churches. They do not freely join anything that the town had before the invasion began. A new church appeals to them more than an old one. Only if the older churches completely revolutionize their program and give the new residents responsibility in leadership will they become active in it. Most older churches resist such change. Many of them will not yield responsible leadership to new people.

Tioga's new church stood among rows of new houses, at the end of an unpaved street. Some men were inspecting a deep trench that had been dug across the street.

"What is the trench for?" I asked.

"They are putting in water and sewer pipes," one of the men replied. Back of him stood the water tower; the same kind of tower that supplies water to many villages in the West.

"How long will your water supply last with that one water tower?" I asked.

"It ran dry once," the digging inspector said, looking up at the tower. "We'll have to dig another well."

"Did they have sewers here before oil was discovered?" I asked.

"They didn't even have a town here!" he said, using an expletive to enforce his opinion of the village before he came.

With the town's plumbing system and its history taken care of, I asked about the people. "Where are the old-timers? I have not talked to anyone who lived here before oil was discovered."

"They keep to themselves," the man informed me. Definitely the new people were running this town their way, and they were making changes. The new church was one of these.

A trustee of the church came to unlock the church door. He explained that the church had been placed where it was because it was the only place where they could get land. His drawl made it unnecessary to ask if he was from Texas.

"A town like this needs a church," I said.

"Every town needs a church" was his quick and unrehearsed reply. He did not want me to think that he and the other new citizens had created a special problem for Tioga!

I saw that I would have to look farther to learn the story of the church. So the next day I went to the city of Williston. Williston Basin is the name of the oil boom area; the name of one of the major oil discoveries of the twentieth century.

I went first to the Williston County Courthouse. There the county auditor told me that the county had braced itself for trouble when oil was discovered. They expected that undesirable people would follow the oil drilling apparatus. "We had been warned that we could expect trouble. But trouble did not develop." He said that Williston had grown from 7,500 people to 12,000 people.

I asked about the churches and discovered that, unlike the Tioga churches, the churches already in Williston had been able to provide for the needs of the new people. They had changed their program so as to attract the strangers, and they had built additional Sunday school rooms for the enlarged attendance.

One minister told me that his church had felt a special concern for the new people in Tioga. This came partly because the meeting house that he was using in Williston had once been a vacant church building in Tioga. His congregation had bought and moved the building from Tioga because no one seemed to want it there at that time.

Later with oil workers coming by the hundreds, a church was needed in Tioga, right back where this one came from. So, this minister told me, his church had located a Roman Catholic church building in a neighboring town that was not being used because the parish had built a new church. The Williston congregation bought this vacant church and had it moved to Tioga to meet the needs of the expanding population.

When they got the church there, they found that the only land that would be suitable for a church in Tioga belonged to a man who spent his time in the town saloon. The Williston pastor went to the saloon to buy the land.

"Will you sell us three lots for one thousand dollars?" the minister asked, and he made it clear that this was his final offer.

"No!" the man in the saloon said. "But I will sell you two lots for eight hundred dollars and give you a third lot free."

The minister closed the transaction and left the saloon thinking what strange places a minister must go in the course of his business.

I also heard about a young layman who worked for an oil company and so organized a Sunday school in Tioga and preached on Sunday. When the oil company offered him a better job in another part of the country, the youthful lay preacher refused it so that he could remain in the oil boom area and combine missionary work with his day-by-day job of earning a living.

As I left Williston with the story of how the Williston church had repaid its debt to Tioga for the church it had taken from that village, I recalled a conversation I had had years before. The pastor

who was at that time serving the congregation in Williston wanted to move from there to another church. He had come to me because he was discouraged, and he wanted me to help him transfer to a new parish. He had moved a few months later, confident that there was no future for the church in Williston. After oil was discovered, the hope for future growth of the churches was greatly changed. I wondered what that discouraged pastor thought now about the promise of the future in the Williston church, that is, if he ever came back to see his former parish.

The American scene is changing so rapidly that we do not know where opportunity will be next year. It may be in a rural town where oil is discovered or in a prairie town that becomes the center of an irrigation project. It may be in the suburb of a city where a new housing development takes over the wheat fields. As long as people move from one place to another, adventurers for Christ will be needed to go with them to organize Sunday schools, build churches, and help to organize the community on a Christian basis.

THERE IS NO END

Fast and deep changes are appearing in all parts of the United States. Of that I am sure. Young people growing up in this mid-century decade will be strangers to their country when the century ends unless they constantly watch its profile. The features that are changing are reported to us daily.

Our population is growing with unprecedented speed. A baby is born every eight seconds, and an immigrant enters the United States every two and a half minutes. A person dies every twenty-one seconds, and an emigrant leaves every seventeen minutes. Net gain: one new person every twelve seconds, day and night. If this continues until the twentieth century is in its doddering 80's and 90's, our country will be dynamically alive with between two hundred and two hundred and a quarter million people. This increase of fifty-five to seventy-five million people is in itself a tremendous change. It will add a mission field four times the size of Burma!

Nuclear scientists are saying that power from the atom, instead of power from coal and water, will soon turn our important wheels. Railroads abandoned steam engines for diesels; they will abandon diesels for engines powered with nuclear energy. The latest and fastest airliners that now speed through the thin air will be relatively slow air coaches in a short span of years. Other planes operated by nuclear power will fly over them at supersonic speeds. Ships will sail around the globe without stopping to refuel. Factories will move from sites by waterfalls and coal mines to places where they can most easily employ workers and sell their products. No one can

foresee all that this will mean, but we know that it will alter radically the way every American lives.

It is clear, too, that our relationships with other nations will be affected by the use of these new sources of power. Thorium deposits in a stony hill will determine whether a nation has power for industry—or for war. Nations now without power will have it in abundance. Even now we see dimly that power is no monopoly permanently possessed by any people. Sentiments about the superiority of one people, one race, or nation over another—whether held deliberately or unconsciously—must yield to friendly cooperation or disaster will come.

The missionaries I visited demonstrated to me that peoples of different races can learn and work and worship together, that national differences raise no insuperable barriers in building Christian community life. Our churches have lessons to learn if they are to meet effectively their opportunities in Mission Field: U.S.A. The way that those lessons are learned and applied will determine the future of our nation and that of the vast community of nations, many of which are just coming to realize the power they possess.

We know that in the years ahead there will be new emphases in education and vocational choices more far-reaching than any we have known. Two broad vocational fields will surely be wide open. One will lead into new fields of engineering in the designing, construction, and operation of machinery required for expanding industry. The other will open the important field of engineering in the charting, guiding, and directing of the course of society. Both fields will require highly specialized training. But skills alone will not be enough. The power in the hands of tomorrow's leaders makes imperative a growing sensitivity to the needs of people, a sensitivity rooted in Christian love and respect for human worth and dignity.

We know, too, that some people will try to hold on to their noisy little steam engines in the nuclear age. They will stoke those engines

with coal to make them billow black smoke, and they will pull the cord of the shrill whistle every time someone with atomic power asks them to move onward. But the outmoded engines will not budge!

When someone suggests to people like these that they change their church ways, they will blow their whistles and say, "We never did it that way." When they see Negro and white children attending nonsegregated schools and when they find churches admitting followers of Jesus Christ regardless of race, some will open their steam valves and disappear in moist heat. How can such people be helped to meet new opportunities? When will they learn how the power of God can change people, even themselves?

After all that I have seen and heard I am more convinced than ever before that there is no end to the power of God to help us use opportunities he gives us. A city church, any city church, can bring the redeeming power of God to all people. Homes in the mountains and on the prairies can become Christian through the grace of God. Negro and white children and youth, Asians and Americans can grow and work and worship together. There is abundant evidence that service in the name of Christ can bring Christian fellowship to an entire community. Missionaries on wheels have demonstrated that they can drive fast enough to keep ahead of trailer-ized Americans, and can send through trailer camps the same spiritual power currents that have always energized God's people.

The power of God is greater than the power of the atom, for he made the atom. There is no end to his power. He will keep us restless in our churches until we find in our own communities the specific places where we can serve him. He will keep us restless until we go beyond our own communities in friendly concern and service. New opportunities are open wherever people live. There is no end to God's power; there is no end to the service that his church can give; there is no end to the help he will need from you and me.

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